

The TATLER

Vol. CLII. No. 1973.

London
April 19, 1939



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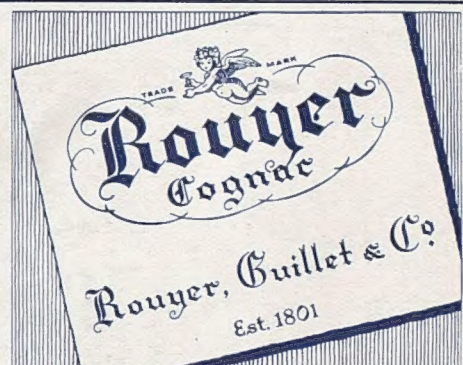
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JUNE 16.

TRONDHJEM, HAMMERFEST,
SPITZBERGEN, TROMSO,
NARVIK, BERGEN.

14 DAYS
FARES FROM 24 GNS

JULY 1.

AZORES, MADEIRA,
TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS,
AGADIR, LISBON.

16 DAYS
FARES FROM 27 GNS

AUG. 4.

NORWAY, THE FJORDS,
FINLAND, SWEDEN,
DENMARK, etc.

21 DAYS
FARES FROM 36 GNS

AUG. 26.

AZORES, LAS PALMAS,
AGADIR, LISBON.

13 DAYS
FARES FROM 22 GNS

SEPT. 9.

PALERMO, VENICE,
DUBROVNIK, ALEXANDRIA,
PORT SAID, MALTA.

23 DAYS
FARES FROM 39 GNS

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Marcus Adams, Dover Street

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH — A BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT

The heir to the throne, their Majesties' elder daughter was born on April 21, 1926, and the Empire at large unites in wishing her many happy returns of this anniversary. The Princess Elizabeth and her sister the Princess Margaret, who is four years younger, are the most unspoilt and natural little girls in this world. Hence their supreme popularity wherever they go. The small dog, the Corgi, seen in the picture is a devoted friend of his young mistresses

And the World Said—



MISS EVELYN RUTH McLEAN
AND MR. HUGH CAMPBELL

Another engaged couple who featured in *The Times* list on April 6. Miss Evelyn Ruth McLean, more usually known as Bunny, is the younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady McLean, who have a delightful house, Five Oaks, at Wentworth, home of good golf. Mr. Hugh Campbell is the eldest son of Colonel Hugh Campbell and of Mrs. L. F. Maitland-Kirwan, of Gelston Castle, in Kirkcudbrightshire.

GETTING back to London in the midst of a raw April arouses mixed feelings, of which the chief is gratitude at having escaped a measure of bad weather and political gloom. The buildings look smaller and darker than usual, and I miss the joking, wise-cracking, whatever you like to call that blessed jitter of light relief which runs through the American character from bank president to bell-hop. "Ole Bill" is a humorous fellow, too, but when stunned by events—precautions, form threes and all the paraphernalia of joy-killing—he has no grumbling come-back except in sister *Bystander's* priceless Bairns-father cartoons. He gets on with it, but his mood is not exactly gala-gala. London reacts slowly. It was years before the smug and flippant



AN ENGAGED COUPLE DOWN IN DORSET

Herbert & Sons

Flight-Lieutenant C. R. J. Pink, Royal Air Force, and his fiancée, Miss Daphne Van de Weyer, at her parents' home, Clyffe, near Dorchester. The engagement of the second daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer to the elder son of the late Air Commodore R. C. M. Pink, R.A.F., and of Mrs. Pink, of Laylands, Salisbury, was announced on April 11. Miss Daphne Van de Weyer is Irish on her mother's side, being a niece of Lord Powerscourt.

English realized the menace of the Axis. At last, when all sections of the community consented to become aware of the hole we were in and look

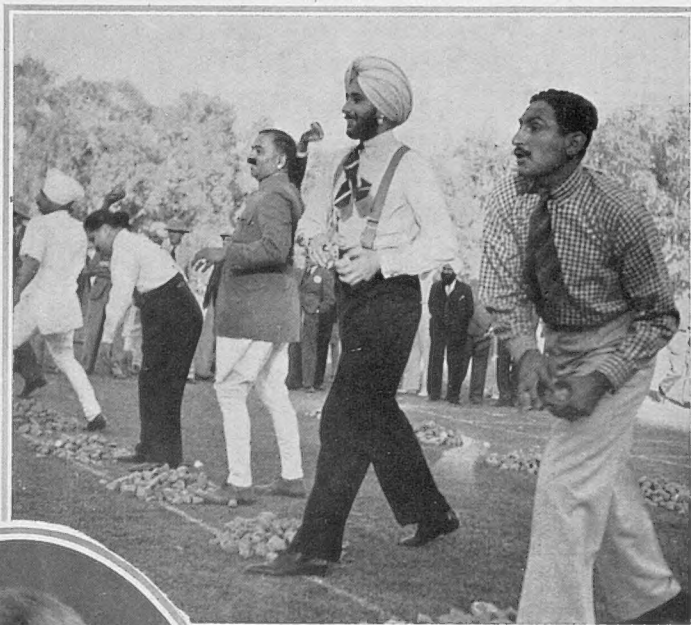
out for a better one, this period of unrelieved gloom began. Perhaps it is being prolonged unduly, because John Bull has not the faculty for absorbing more than one idea per annum; some say per decade. The idea that Germany intends to enslave Europe has finally got under his hat, and in his hair. The idea that the tide has turned, however imperceptible (as from the moment when the Prime Minister ranged us with France and Poland against further fouling), does not register yet; when it does, the S.E. may lead Wall Street up, the restaurants recover their *clientèle*, and the joy of little things, like good dressing, good food and putting on a good face, revive our harassed London from its vapours. Things might be worse. Hence loathed melancholy! Ring up the curtain on the immemorial mummery of the London Season and let the Ritz pull back the drapes with which it tries to make the lobby small enough; I want to know what is going on behind. So did a fellow commentator, Captain Tattersall, who was talking Burgundies with Aletto, while another member of our craft, Lord Forbes, listened to Miss Kay Norton, whose voice once heard can never be mistaken. She



GETTING THE GOAT AT SHERSTON MANOR

Lady Kathleen Eliot and sparring partner, who, however, doesn't put 'em up in such professional fashion as she does. The younger daughter of Lady Blanche Douglas and the late Lord St. Germans came out this season and is to be presented at one of the July Courts. In due course she will be having chief bridesmaid's duties to perform when her elder sister, Lady Rosemary Eliot, marries Mr. Edward Nutting, The Blues, second son of the Master of the Quorn

wore a well-cut coat as befits a member of the rag trade's upper layer, but Mrs. Vivian Cornelius (who spent Easter at their Sunningdale house which has a swimming pool—shivers) and Mrs. Robert Abercromby were still under furs. The latter has unusual colouring: jet black hair, a white skin, and blue eyes. She was Pam Lomax, and her brother married one of the Duchess of Gloucester's handsome horse-racing Brand cousins. Mrs. Julie Thompson was laughing about the New York newspaper rumour of her forthcoming engagement to a peer, whom she has not set eyes on for nearly a year. Mrs. Miller, whose Gilbert is bringing "The Women" to London with Mrs. Mark Ostrer (Karen Petersen) in the only sympathetic part, and Mrs. "Foxey" Gwynne, who has rented Mrs. Ruth Wardell's house, drifted to the Ritz for one of their first European meals. The Blonde whom gentlemen preferred summed up the international drift even before Cholly Knickerbocker docketed Café Society. You may remember her immortal—"The Ritz in Paris is the same as the Ritz in London and the Ritz in New York." The International Parliamentary Union, a live offshoot of Geneva, had its Easter session postponed. The British group of M.P.s is led by Captain Arthur Evans, an authority on sugar, a popular diner-out, and the chairman of the Welsh Parliamentary Party. When they eventually meet at Nice he and Charles Campbell Emmott, the tallest M.P., whose erudition and gift of rhetoric are inherited from his maternal grandfather, the 8th Duke of Argyll, intend staying at the Negresco; Sir Frank Sanderson at his favourite Carlton in Cannes, and Captain Leonard Plugge on his yacht. The others who will examine the rights of minorities in colonial territories (ticklish talk) with their French hosts are Mr. Rhys (pronounced Rees) Davies, late Under-Secretary for Home Defence, now Member for West Houghton, and Major J. Milner who represents Leeds South-East. They are going to Oslo, all being well, for a full conference in August which proves that the I.P.U. recognizes the soothing charm of meeting in the



FOUNDERS' DAY AT INDIA'S ETON

An interesting picture of some of the old boys of the Aitchison College, Lahore, to which the Indian Princes either go themselves or send their sons and which has been aptly called the Indian Eton. Included in the group are the Maharajah of Patiala (second from right), who is a very good cricketer and probably not so good at chatty (earthenware pot) breaking, and the Maharajah of Mandi. The Aitchison College was founded in 1886



Hay Wrightson

MRS. JOHN BETJEMAN

A new portrait of the only daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode. Mr. and Mrs. Betjeman have a charming house, Garrards Farm, Uffington, Berks. Sir Philip Chetwode, originally a 19th Hussar, is one of the many cavalry soldiers who have risen to great eminence in their profession: he was Commander-in-Chief in India 1930-1939

"right" place at the "right" time of year, and Newcastle to Norway is a nice flight. One of the right places at Easter was Kleine-Scheidegg where Lord Clydesdale and Messrs. Stuart Russell and Charles Taylor from

and spends more than half the year a sporting hermit in Kenya, is another ice-breaker. He created the Orkneys and Shetlands air line and is training the Aberdeen Air Defence Cadet Corps. His holiday reading was his sister-in-law Lavender Dower's amusing *Epic Failure*, which account of an African safari steers between the stuffed epic note and a too Waugh-like disillusionment. Unfortunately, a great part of this Easter excursion was wasted in Swiss railway stations by those who did not know that although the excellent Swiss-air service deposits its passengers at Zurich three comfortable hours after leaving Croydon, another twenty are thrown away as the only trains connecting with the plane go to Davos and the Engadine. To add insult to injury, one can reach Wengen very late the same night (with unnecessary waits at Zurich, Berne, Interlaken and Lauterbrunnen) but not Scheidegg; no train climbs those additional four miles after tea. Consequently, the air-minded and those on the afternoon London train are benighted *en route*. Remembering the good beds and the genial atmosphere of the Hotel du Lac, I stopped at Interlaken to hear the tales of mine host Hoffman, whose son is in the Swiss Army, at present drawn up with its highly



AT THE NEWMARKET AND THURLOW HUNT BALL AT RACING HEADQUARTERS

A part of the concourse at the Memorial Hall, Newmarket, at this revel which was held on the evening of the Point-to-Point. In the picture left to right are Mr. Ted Leader, the famous trainer, Lady Briggs, Mr. E. H. Deacon, the Master, Mrs. Ted Leader, Mr. Gerald Lacey (who won the Farmers' Race) and a lady un-named

And the World said—continued

mechanized units, near Basle, guarding the flat where the Germans might push through. It is a very large, impressive force from the air, and the *esprit* of Switzerland, hitherto phlegmatically neutral, is now openly pro-France and England. If the Germans set foot on Swiss soil half a million well-fed Swissers will fill the breach. But some think Germany may push into Denmark because "we can defend ourselves, and although we have gold, they have butter, and Germany needs food more than you know." Also flying (and by the way Swissair is the only line which passes round a bulletin saying where you are, the altitude, etc., as in America) was the Polish scientist and explorer Count Byron de Prorok, whose grandmother was an Edmonstone, which makes him kin to Mrs. George Keppel. Youngish, with a magnificent brow and untidy curly hair, he has a more compelling personality than any male film star, so I am not surprised my Edinburgh correspondent "fell for him" when he lectured last month to an audience of two thousand at the Philosophical Society; and he addressed them as "Scots" not "English"—the ultimate insult—or "Scotch" which is merely ignorant! Of dozens of expeditions one of the most extraordinary he told of was the Arabian when he photographed the slave markets which still flourish wickedly, and another amazing period in his romantic life of learning was with the Red Cross in Abyssinia, where the Italians are having a horrible time; the price of glory is indescribably wearisome, and it would take French or British money to develop the country's undeniable resources. Meanwhile the warrior-Emperor, Haile Selassie, is living in proud poverty in an English village. But what I envy Count de Prorok even more than his mastery of time and place is his Alpine stick carved with the names of all his expeditions. The next will be a geological survey in the Nubian Desert; the first is unrecorded because it only happened at Broadstairs when, fired by Shackleton to dream of ice-floes, he collected over a hundred pounds from parents at his "prep" school and bought Sir Ernest a sledge for the Antarctic. The leader gave him a bit of the wood afterwards, for explorers, like all good men, are full of sentiment.

There is no sentiment about a big weekend at Le Touquet, but the dread of impending doom prevented the usual petty quarrels and the Pas-de-Calais air was as invigorating as ever. Regulars included Mr. John Fox-Strangways of the L.C.C., Sir Westrow and Amber Hulse, Lord and Lady O'Neill and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke (these two couples are not such *habitués* as some), Sir Robert and Lady Renwick (who are), the Hiley Bathursts, Jane Carr, entertainer, and of course Dudley Tooth who shuts his Bond Street Gallery and

crosses for Bank Holidays like clockwork; may nothing interfere with his schedule. The prettiest women were Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, who is always among the best dressed, and Mrs. David Walker-Heneage of the lovely curving smile. Her husband made an early retreat from Le Touquet to Kempton where his greenish cloth was one of many nice suits; the English racing man still dresses incomparably better than the American. Mr. Vivian Cornelius, a fashion plate from White's window, wore a new beige number; Lord Knollys a new I.Z. tie; Lord (father-of-four) Morris a new bowler, and other charmers were Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, whose Jacowink, belonging to the unique Mr. Beverly Bogert, ran well in the race won by Lord Carnarvon's fast El Morocco, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, whose eldest daughter is indisputably the best-looking and the best-turned-out young matron on every race-course. Some of her contemporaries have "let go" regrettably, and would do well to think more about hats and less about bets; that worried expression has no "Oumph" in it. Most of the belles who were at Le Touquet, Kempton or house-partying over Easter have returned to grace the week's smartest *double entente*, the first night of *La Bête Humaine*, in aid of the Feathers Clubs for Children (a really attractive cause) at The Paris, a new Casa Maury cinema in Lower Regent Street. The Marquesa points out on behalf of her treasurer, Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, and her committee, that "NO paid organizer has been engaged to arrange this gala performance. ALL the work is being done by themselves and the staff of The Paris, and the accounts are audited by the hon. auditors of the Feathers Club, Messrs. Price,

Waterhouse & Co." Having been alone in the wilderness a few years ago, lifting up my voice against those who give their names to charity and their money, but withhold their time and talents, I say well done all! Jean Gabin and Simone Simon are said to be at their best in their Renoir-Zola story. Charming young women, including Mrs. Frank Curzon's Maureen, will sell you the programme, and stall-holders include Lady Bingham, who held the last committee for it in her Eaton Square house. But a great many people are still in the country, where those doing a round of point-to-points include Mrs. Tony Bellville, wearing scarlet wool socks with pale ivory jodhpurs; Mrs. Peter Wiggins and Lady Mountgarret whose vivid coloured suede suits have brightened several West Country meetings.

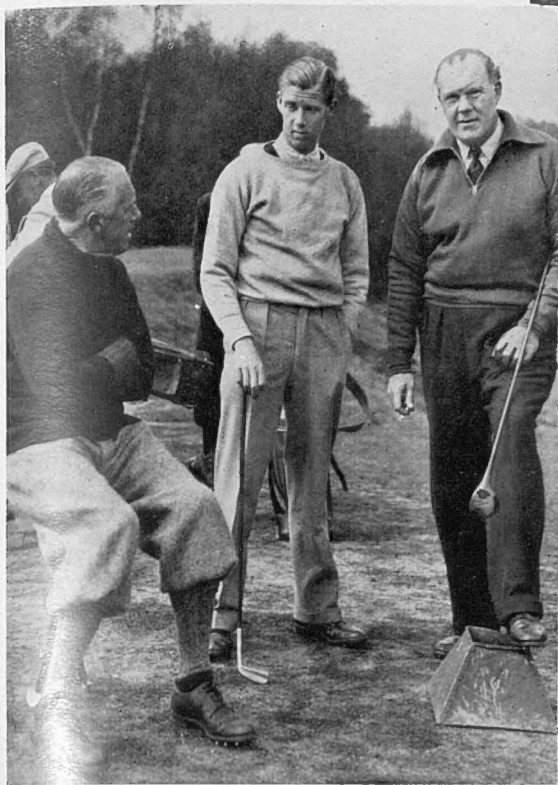
In last week's issue we reproduced a photograph which we described as being of Mrs. Oliver Locker-Lampson, whereas the lady should have been described as Mrs. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, wife of the Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker-Lampson. We apologize for the error and any annoyance caused thereby.



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE CROWN PRINCE AND CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK IN CALIFORNIA

Being ultimately bound for the New York World's Fair, the Crown Prince of Denmark and his wife, the former Princess Ingrid of Sweden, called in first at Los Angeles, where a brass band and much ceremony attended their arrival, says the American caption. Wherever they go this royal couple are immensely popular, and America has welcomed them with very obvious pleasure. On May 24 their Royal Highnesses will be celebrating the fourth anniversary of their wedding

THE FATHERS AND SONS



RUNNERS UP: DOUGLAS THORBURN (SON)
AND MAJOR KEITH THORBURN (FATHER)
AND (ON LEFT) A FRIEND

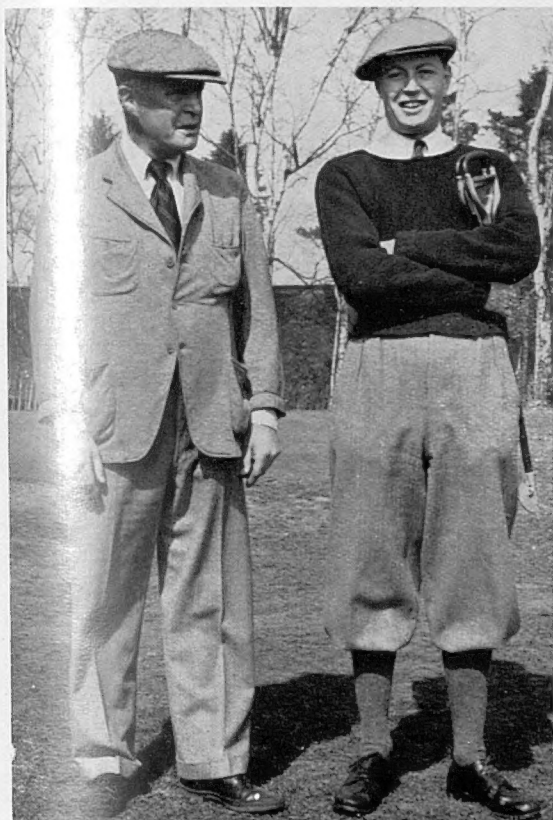


THE WINNERS: R. ANDERSON (SON) AND D. B.
ANDERSON (FATHER)

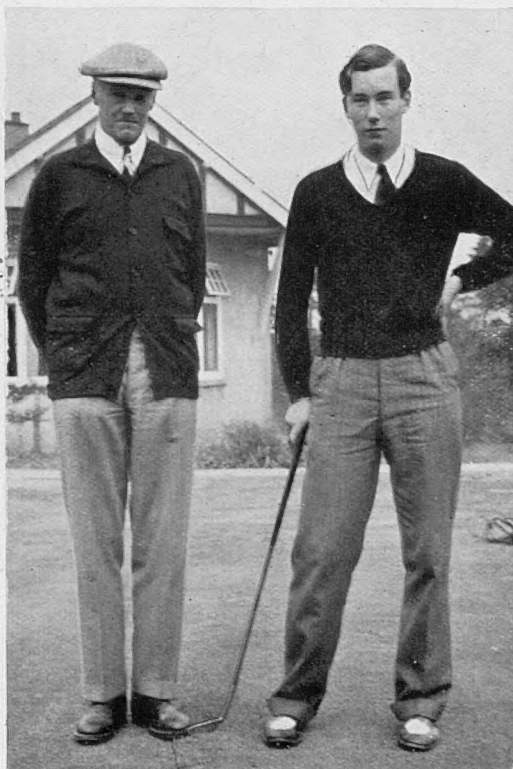
GREAT GOLF BATTLE



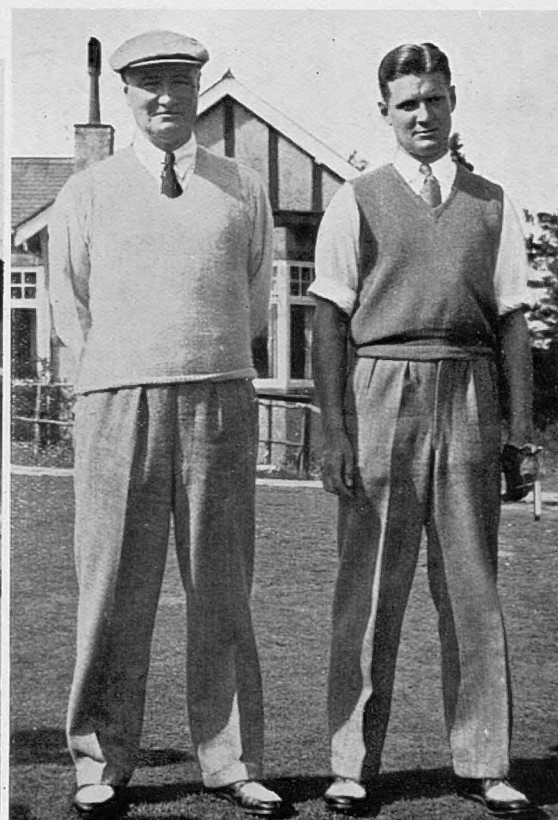
SEMI-FINALISTS: KENNETH SCOTT (OXFORD
CAPTAIN, 1938) AND THE HON. OSMUND AND
MRS. SCOTT—ALSO "GARRY"



SEMI-FINALISTS: JOHN DUNCAN (EX WELSH
CHAMPION) AND SON, ANTHONY DUNCAN



FORMER HOLDERS: LIEUTENANT-GEN-
ERAL SIR B. D. FISHER AND SON, F. R.
FISHER



FOURTH ROUND HEROES:
BRIG.-GENERAL A. C. CRITCHLEY AND SON, JOHN

The Battle of West Hills was as bonnie a fecht as has ever been seen and from first round to final the action was a very hot one with many great individual deeds of prowess marking its progress. The Andersons and Thorburns met in deadly strife in the final and the former won by 4 and 3; the golf being not quite of the high standard which had been seen in some of the other rounds but possibly every one was beginning to feel the pace a bit. The Andersons (St. George's Hill) had beaten the formidable Scotts in the semi-final and the Thorburns had been equally closely engaged with their foemen, the Duncans, in the other semi-final. Duncan Père is a Welsh holder and Duncan, son, is both the Army and Welsh champion and they won this Father and Son Cup outright in 1935, and own a combined handicap of 4. The Scotts also were a hefty combination and were the back-markers with a 3 handicap: son, captain of Oxford, 1938, and father, who is an uncle of Lord Eldon, and also another very high up in the scale. The Duncans incidentally were responsible for the slaughter of the Fishers (holders) in the third round. General Fisher was lately commanding at Sandhurst and is Colonel of the 17th/21st Lancers. One of the most sanguinary encounters of the lot was the one in the third round between the Critchleys and the Twinings which the former won at the nineteenth hole. At the fifth "Critch" himself holed out with a chip shot for a 3 (510 yards). In the fourth round the "Critches" were beaten by the eventual finalists, the Thorburns.



FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS IN A SCENE FROM "THE CASTLES"

Those two famous stars are again teaming up together in the new R-K-O picture, *The Castles*, in which they play the rôles of Vernon and Irene Castle, whom many will remember as the creators of the first international dance team. The film re-creates the lives of the Castles and is the first "costume" picture in which Ginger and Fred have appeared. This film should give them plenty of scope in which to show off their wonderful dancing capabilities. They are both very capable artists, especially Ginger

FOR the thousandth time, permit me to express the opinion that we are a weird and wonderful nation in the erratic way in which we support any good play or film which comes our way. Look at the history of Mr. R. E. Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight*. When I visited New York the year before last, I very much wanted to see this play, but found that it had migrated to some place over a thousand miles inland. So I read the play instead, and wrote then and there in my diary: "This play is obviously superb theatre, which must simultaneously set the house in a roar and shake its mind. I am as certain that *Idiot's Delight* is the first wave in the new sea of American playwriting as that London will not take to it. Should London decide to do so, then she must first cast off that armour'd stupidity which made her reject the same writer's *Road to Rome*. Twice! If I insist more on a play I have not seen here than on any I have, it is because I am persuaded that *Idiot's Delight* is the stuff Bernard Shaw would be writing today if he were sixty years younger. This means that I must regard Sherwood as the most significant of the younger playwrights on either side of the Atlantic. I do." The sequel, in so far as the play's fate in London is concerned, began by flatly contradicting me and ended by bearing me out. For the play was put on in London in the following April, without the Lunts but with Mr. Raymond Massey giving the performance of his career, ran like wild-fire for six months and then quite suddenly and completely failed to attract. Theatre people tell me that they have seldom known a box-office decline so rapid and so violent. The cause? The cause was that September crisis which automatically made everybody in the country so war-minded that nobody had the least desire to see a play which dealt with the immediate possibility of war. What I now very much want to know is the exact effect the April crisis is going to have on the film of *Idiot's Delight* which has just appeared at the Empire. Arguing from the case of the play, one would prophesy that the film must fail.

But there are three important considerations which make me hesitate to prophesy. The first is that the film public is not the theatre public by a very long chalk. The second is that the film, howsoever disconcerting its subject may seem to public taste at the moment, is principally acted by that bright, irresistible brace of stars, Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Norma Shearer, and that these two could, I dare say, make a success

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

"Idiot's Delight"

out of a Greek tragedy made into a film even if bombs were falling all round the cinema. I now come to my third consideration which is by far the weightiest. So weighty that I ought to have put it first. This is that the film of *Idiot's Delight* bears no conceivable relation to the play! Mr. Sherwood's masterpiece ended, if you remember, with the bombing of the mid-European hotel in which all the characters have been staying. Everybody has escaped excepting the glamorous Irene, who has been left behind by her protector, and Harry, the leader of a travelling troupe of dancing girls, who comes back to join his old love. Then the bombs begin to fall, making a noise which Irene describes as "positively Wagnerian." This gives Harry, who used to play the piano in picture-theatres, the notion of accompanying the raid with the "Ride of the Valkyries." Presently through the din Irene, now serious, says: "Harry, do you know any hymns?" Harry starts to play "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" in jazz time. But Irene knows that both their lives, and the jazz patterns they have made out of them, are over. And as the hotel collapses, they sing the hymn, according to the stage directions, in a slow, solemn tempo. And that in the theatre is the end of both of them. The film repeats the design until the moment when the bombs begin to fall. Now the hotel begins to tumble about them, and the pair dodge the blocks

of falling masonry with the virtuosity of the music-hall's Diamond Brothers coping with that falling plank. Then says Harry: "What was the name of that Circus where we are going to be a wow?" and Irene screams: "Piccadilly!" And together they begin to rehearse their number, totally indifferent to the gas-bombs which, according to Mr. Sherwood's stage directions, are supposed to be falling around them. In fact, so far as I am concerned, the only thing that was effectively shattered in the film was one of my fondest hopes. Does the reader want to know what hope? I will tell him. For years I have wanted to see the fair Norma in a gas mask.

This film is at least consistent in its avoidance of any correspondence with the play. The original was a tragi-farce built round a theme of war as universal idiocy, the rôles of both Harry and Irene being mere embroidery and devised with an eye to the peculiar talent of the Lunts. As against this the film is principally a back-stage love-story with the universal war as an incident justifying Mr. Sherwood's part in the proceedings. In the stage version, for example, a great deal is made of the pacifist who is taken out and shot; in the film one hardly gathers that anything has happened to him. Miss Shearer plays Irene as she has played everything else in her career, that is to say with amazing competence. She is what the French would call *bonne fille* in her willingness to assume any character from Charlotte Corday to Charlotte Brontë. Whether she be impersonating Elizabeth Barrett or Juliet or Marie Antoinette, there is always the same scrupulous attention to detail in her performance. Never doing anything wrong, she cleverly leaves it to her fans to suppose that she is doing everything right. To me her acting means nothing whatever, and her rôles are all like so many crystal goblets full of clear, cold water. I feel myself continually wishing that she would make a mistake and spill a drop. But, alas, she does not do even that! Mr. Gable as Harry gives that adroit presentation of the thick-skinned which has thrilled so many satin spines and shoulder-blades. Watching the performance carefully, I was quite unable to see that the film Harry, through whose brain all of Mr. Sherwood's mordancy should be conveyed, meant anything at all. In short, I predict that the film of *Idiot's Delight* will be an enormous success! If it isn't, it will be because our film-goers dislike the odd bits of Mr. Sherwood's play still remaining.

J. A.

AT TWO RECENT



AT THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS:
LORD SCARSDALE AND DAUGHTERS,
JULIANA (LEFT) AND ANN

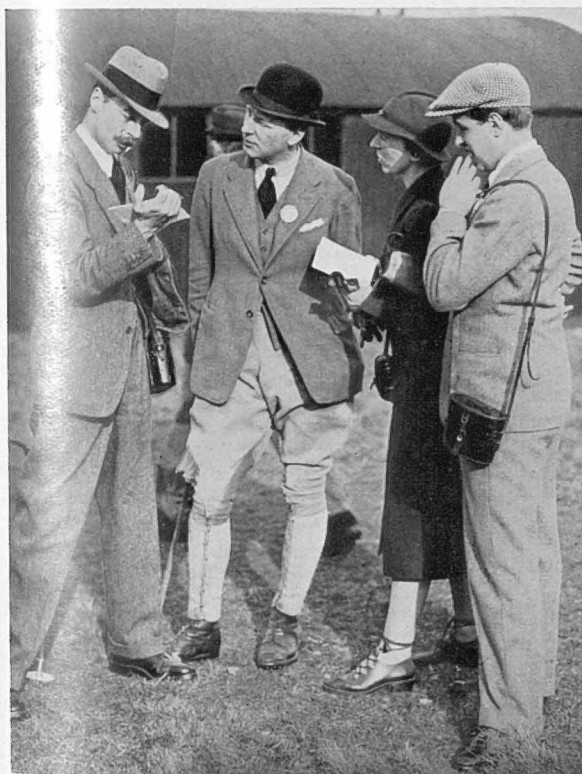


WINNER OF THE HIGH PEAK OPEN:
MR. A. D. PATERSON ON "KILSHANNIG"

POINT-TO-POINTS



SOUTH NOTTS. WINNERS:
MRS. MCLEAN, HER SON ("THE JOCKEY")
AND "HAPPY LAD" (THE STEED)



MORE HIGH PEAK: THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND MRS. H. F. B. STEPHENSON
AND MR. WATERHOUSE



SOUTH NOTTS:
LORD AND LADY SUIRDALE, THE HON. MICHAEL
HELY-HUTCHISON (SON) AND "PAUL JONES
III" WHO FELL BADLY



OTHER HIGH PEAKERS:
MRS. BOYD, LORD HARRINGTON, SIR GEOFFREY
CONGREVE AND MR. C. C. BOYD

Photos: Howard Barrett

The point-to-pointing season is dying pretty hard if, indeed, it can be said to be dying at all, and at both the meetings pictured on this page they put up a pretty lusty performance. The High Peak Harriers country is infested by those formidable walls, far worse than Irish or Gloucestershire ones, but the locals think nothing of them. Mr. Paterson had an easy win in the Open Race on Mr. J. C. Paterson's steed and is seen at that moment which all "jockeys" like best. Lord Scarsdale being a Derbyshire man of course moved up in support with two of his daughters, and other notabilities can be seen in some of the other "pics," the Duke of Devonshire being in the same group with Colonel Stephenson who is joint-Master of the High Peak with Lady Maud Baillie. As to South Notts. news Mr. G. McLean (see above with proud mother) had a day out as he got in right and left, the Hunt Cup and the Adjacent Hunts Race (latter on Bowmore). Lord Suirdale on the other hand was in the wars for he got rather badly ironed out in his fall in the Open Event

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

CONFIDENCE seems to have vanished in this world of ours. When one picks up the paper almost daily to read that Herr Hitler or his Italian maitre d'hotel, in an axis of claustrophobia, has seized the Cocos Islands or some such belligerent State for fear of encirclement. When one reads that the inhabitants have loaded their invaders with garlic wreaths owing to their lack of confidence in their Government, which was on the point of calling all seven of the army to the colours to encircle the Reich, small wonder there is no confidence. That this has spread to the individual, I had striking testimony only last week. A very great friend of mine who, in my book-making days, spent the first weeks of our acquaintance in ensuring that my weekly balance was invariably written down in red ink, approached me with the solemnity of a church warden. Drawing me on one side in the downstairs dispensary at Newbury, he informed me that he put me down as one of his executors, for which there would be an honorarium of one hundred bars of gold. This from a man who to all outward appearances would make older bones than a mastodon and anyway could afford to live far longer than myself, showed a regrettable lack of confidence, but worse was to come. Patting him on the back, buying him a large Hennessy X.O., and expressing the pious and heartfelt wish that he might live to be a thousand, I very tentatively suggested fifty down on account. This and even the idea of an executiveship on the "never-never" system at £1 per week were turned down almost without a hearing, but what could be the objection to making the honorarium £200? "I have taken a chance as it is," he said, "but I feel with £200 on my head, my throat would be cut before dawn."

It is the same everywhere. Other confidence trick men tell me that in this world-wide atmosphere of suspicion, it is almost impossible to get a living outside an Axis chancellery. One, in fact, remorselessly driven by destitution, was willing to prostitute his art by taking me for a ride last Friday. Playing off 11 he went out on the old course at Sunningdale in 34 gross for a beggarly 10/-. Great sobs shook his frame at such a waste.

To revert to racing, Kempton staged a good programme for the Easter holidays in glorious weather.

Inquisition, the most notable three-year-old to run on the Saturday, has not wintered well and badly wants the sun on her back. Beyond her, though the racing was enjoyable, there was hardly an animal of interest. The Princess Royal Stakes, the big two-year-old race, was won in a canter by Godiva,



MR. J. V. RANK'S THIRD WELSH NATIONAL WINNER

The owner's charming wife leading in Lacatoi who was ridden by Jack Fawcus. This is the third year in succession that Mrs. J. V. Rank has led in the winner of this contest carrying the family colours. Last year it was Timber Wolf and the year before that Lacatoi



W. Dennis Moss

AMONGST THOSE PRESENT AT THE LEDBURY HUNT 'CHASES

They ran these races over a line near Tewkesbury, weather, going, runners and gallery all satisfactory and above are some of the last-named: Captain and Mrs. Naumann, Major W. H. Taylor, a former Croome Master, Mr. Henry K. Foster, the famous ex-Worcestershire cricket captain, Oxford Blue, racquets champion and so forth, and Lord Somers, whose family seat is Eastnor, Leicestershire

whose tail through constant switching was about as hirsute as that of a Mexican dog. This trait, despite rumours of her trial, stopped any very serious betting on her, but probably with her it is only a female equine habit, like continual fanning in 1890, continual powdering today, and possibly continual scratching in 1950.

Monday at Kempton staged the Queen's Prize, and as no one seems to want stamina in our horses, probably it doesn't matter, but what a poor lot of horses for this £1,500 marathon! The interest of the day lay in the Coventry Stakes in which Foxbrough II, the winter Derby favourite, made his first appearance of the season. Unsited as the course, no doubt, was to him, it was a very wise move to give him a run on a course with a bend in it and get him out in public before the Classics. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion, and if there were no differences of opinion, there would be no racing, but beyond that he is a great goer, I am terribly disappointed in this horse. Possibly chopped for early speed, he lost ground rather than improved his position in the straight. By Leger time he may have come back to his two-year-old excellence, but though possibly overgrown, it is hard to see where the improvement can be made. I hope for his sporting owner and trainer's sake that my gloomy views are hopelessly wrong. Rogerstone Castle ran a great race without much luck, but the dissimilarity between this course and the Rowley Mile makes this form rather irrelevant to the Guineas. Southport, who won this race, one would hardly expect to stay on his sire's side, but in the sticky going here and at Liverpool, he stuck it out well and gave the Lord Glanely and Basil Jarvis combination a good send-off.

The Rendlesham was won by a two-year-old bought by Lord Carnarvon in America, at Saratoga, last autumn. This is a nice race to win, but the form doesn't read as very extravagant.

Jumping at Manchester, the Brown-Rank combination carried all before them, winning three good races.

I have heard an extraordinary story that some jockey was so upset by the appearance of his owner's wife, that he felt that her attendance on race courses prevented him giving of his best and, in consequence, he felt it incumbent on him to ask that she might be left at home. It seems hard to believe that any jockey should be so incapable of concentration, and anyway, possibly I've got the whole story wrong.

SPORTING OCCASIONS— —UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



AT THE LECONFIELD POINT-TO-POINT: LORD LECONFIELD, M.F.H., MR. JOHN WARRENDER, LADY WARRENDER, LORD WINTERTON AND MISS WILSON, HIS NIECE



FERNIE PATRONS: LADY MOUNTGARRET AND CAPTAIN DEAN



AT THE SOUTH ATHERSTONE HUNTER TRIALS: MRS. SHAW, MISS SHAW, MAJOR G. R. D. SHAW, M.F.H., AND MR. PETER PAGET, M.F.H.



A STAINTONDALE WINNER: LADY ILLINGWORTH PRESENTS THE LADIES' CUP TO MISS PALMER. (ON RIGHT) MR. R. L. GAUNT (HON. SEC.)

Despite all the warlike rumblings, this country has declined to succumb to infection by the jitter-bug—as why should it?—and the various sporting occasions included in this page were as bright as the weather in which they were run. Lord Leconfield, Master of his own hounds since 1901—a great and memorable innings—held his point-to-point at Tismans, Rudgwick, Sussex, and they had good fields, some really close contests, and plenty of fun. Lady Warrender and son really belong to the Belvoir country, as Sir Victor is the Member for Grantham. Lord Winterton is with enthusiastic niece, Lady Winterton being a sister of Lord Nunburnholme. The Fernie had their cross-country battle at Bunker's Hill—a good spot—and Lady Mountgarret was one of the ornamental units of the gallery. Major Shaw is joint-Master of the South Atherstone, who had their hunter trials at Claybrook Grange, near Lutterworth. Mr. Peter Paget is Master of the North Atherstone and son of the late Mr. Edmund Paget, a notable former joint-Master of the Quorn. Miss Palmer won the Ladies' 'Chase at the Staintondale Easter meeting, and from all accounts had to work her passage

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Logical Outlook.

NOT for a long time have I read a little book so completely and satisfyingly sane as Mr. Ivor Brown's "Life Within Reason" (published for the Liberal Club by Nicholson and Watson; 2s. 6d.). It is, indeed, so sane that in the ever-increasing insanity of this post-war world it is likely to resemble that still, small voice which only those who, for a necessary breathing space, have removed themselves from the hubbub of ideology, 'isms and the roar of armament firms will pause to listen to. Liberalism is its watchword—but actually not in the political sense. Thank goodness, it is not a party publication, though it is issued under the auspices of a party. Rather is it a plea for greater imagination, greater sympathy, a deeper willingness towards understanding our enemies: since it is so much wiser to end a quarrel on a peaceful note than on a triumphant one. At the same time, it is a caustic debunking of most of the things which cause enmity—the banner, the battle-cry, the slogan, the propaganda of grievances as an aid to the power of some small clique. Yet, if peace and sanity are to return to this world, they will only return permanently on the realisation that mankind in the individual may soar, but that mankind in the mass will only seek discord, vengeance, hatred, and a servile slavery towards its tin-pot earthly gods. And the childishness of man in the mass is often beyond comprehension. Yet it must be comprehended if happiness and freedom and peace are to endure.

Few men can stand alone to plough their own philosophical furrows. The rest seek only to worship and thoughtlessly to follow. And in these days of insistent propaganda by radio, newspaper, advertisement, with little or no time, and, consequently, less inclination than formerly to work things out for oneself, the slave mentality is difficult to escape. Especially when one realises that the majority of people collapse at the idea of being made to think, rather than merely feel, and will follow the crowd throughout life without ever once pausing to ask themselves where it is going and why, or if the object be worth while, even when comprehended. "Let the Communist write his plays and pamphlets which pay divine honours to the Noble Mass: let him pretend if he likes that there is a special kind of Mass Art and Mass Letters called Prolet-cult, or something of that sort. We know that the creation of abstractions, called the General Will, or the Proletarian Voice, is a menace to all those human values which make life endurable for men and women with liberal instincts. Unless there is room in our society for the Ibsenite ideal, the alone-standing man, the 'odd man out,' the plougher of lonely furrows, it is not a community, but a house of correction, and the air of prisons has ever been the nurse of a filthy ailment called gaol-fever. I suggest that a psychoanalyst approaching the troubled spirit of the world to-day would diagnose a mental gaol-fever as the commonest of all social maladies. It must be met with all the disinfecting power of common sense."

Thus this common human desire to bow the knee, Mr. Brown considers, is safest, and therefore best, pandered to by the presence of a limited monarchy with all its tradition of pageantry and assumed magic. In the same way, the common self-sacrifice, readily made, to the idea of battle must be accepted, and so turned into less dangerous channels, if world-government by reason is ever to prevail. Man is ignoble as well as noble, emotional rather than logical, hysterically-minded rather than steady, and all these contradictory facets of his character must be taken into consideration if the light of peaceful reasonableness is ever to rule the world. There is a chapter on British foreign policy, both as it has been and as it is, which should be read and pondered over by every politician and all those invested with the right of voting.

To see ourselves as others see us is not only the beginning of wisdom, but often the end of persecution, hatred and envy. And this applies to us all. Briefly, here is a little book which is mentally stimulating to a most enjoyable degree. It seeks to bring a certain sanity into the insanity of present behaviour. And with sanity there springs hope, and hope alone makes life worth living. It is a little book readable and pungent, yet urbanely glorifying the

golden mean wherein alone peace, happiness and self-development are to be found—if ever.

Thoughts from "Life Within Reason."

"What is murdering democracy to-day is not the old oppression from on top, but the abject deification from below."

"The people who are always roaring about action realise that the roaring is at least half the business."

"The philosopher is always ready to make man in his own image. When you think of the average voter, how ridiculous do some of the theories about his function and his future seem."

"Men will fight and kill and torture even more ferociously over a point of faith than over a loaf of bread or an acre of land."

"Our mistake in remedying the real grievances of post-war Germany has been to wait for the threats, instead of anticipating them."

Tragedy of an Egoist.

AFTER I had finished reading Léon Daudet's "The Tragic Life of Victor Hugo" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), I felt like asking him to forgive me for not taking the tragedy very seriously. I had recently returned from the funeral of a man whose life was indeed tragic—an utterly kind, utterly sweet-tempered, entirely brave man who was blinded in the war before he was twenty, triumphed over that handicap, only to be struck down by consumption, due to gas-poisoning, and then, having fought his way back to comparative recovery, was struck down by a form of insanity, mild enough to allow him to realise that he was dying in an asylum, a mental disorder which a whole lot of exterior troubles only helped to increase. Now that struck me as a truly tragic life—so tragic that it is impossible to grasp the reason or logic of it all. Beside this obscure man, the tragedy of Victor Hugo and his Adèle, and his Juliette, and his hundreds of promiscuous loves, sounded like the whimpering of a spoilt child—scarcely more moving.

Granted his poetical fluency, amounting to genius, Hugo came nigh to being a human absurdity. So egotistical, so self-important, and so self-impressed, it can scarcely be accounted tragedy that his monomania received from time to time some rude shocks. Moreover, Léon Daudet seemed—to put it quite frankly—to paint his portrait as that of a male with an utterly ungovernable sex-complex, which, romantic enough in outward appearance while he was young, developed—to put it vulgarly—into the semi-senility of a dirty old man, to whom nothing young and female was safe from his animal pawing. So that, at last, one felt a rather sneaking sympathy for Lockroy, who became his son-in-law, when he cried: "We've had enough of your filthy tricks, do you hear? Leave the cook alone! If you must pinch bottoms,

(Continued on page 104)



DR. MALCOLM SARGENT, F.R.C.M.

A recent pencil portrait, by Russell Reeve, of the famous conductor and composer, which is being exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists' Exhibition, which has its private view on April 22 and opens to the public on the following day. Dr. Malcolm Sargent's musical achievements are so renowned the world over that to enumerate them would fill a volume

*Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane*

THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD AND HER DAUGHTERS—

—WITH A BACKGROUND OF WELBECK WOODHOUSE

The Marquess of Titchfield's beautiful house is at Worksop, where also is famous Welbeck Abbey, the family seat of the Dukes of Portland. Lady Titchfield, who is a daughter of the late Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, was married in 1915, at which time Lord Titchfield was serving with his regiment, the R.H.G. He is a Captain in the Reserve. Lord and Lady Titchfield's two daughters, are Lady Anne and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck; the latter was a train-bearer to H.M. the Queen at the Coronation. Lord Titchfield has been joint-Master of that historic old pack, the Rufford, since 1930. Fox-hunting in that region dates back to about 1667, and the country is redolent with traditions of Foljambe, Lord Henry Bentinck, and many others whose very names spell fox-hunting and hound history

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

you'll have to do it somewhere else. Haven't you got any respect for your daughter-in-law and your grandchildren?"

In his own eyes he was, of course, The Great Lover, whereas, according to this biography by his grandson-in-law, he was merely a great fornicator, for ever throwing himself on a woman's breast whenever his emotions were stirred by either pity for himself or by pity for others (as their troubles affected his imagination), or by sheer desire. And whose the breast might happen to be appeared of no real consideration, so long as it was an attractive one. Consequently, he never forgave his wife when she became the acknowledged mistress of Sainte-Beuve, although he had himself been unfaithful to her hundreds of times before finally she broke away. It was not that he still loved her. It was because she had shown him that she had ceased to find him physically enjoyable. His *amour-propre* was hurt, and that is a thing which an egotist can never forgive. In spite of his anger, one can never feel that it approaches anywhere near tragedy. In fact, the only real tragedy wasn't his at all—rather that of Juliette, the ex-courtesan, who devoted her body and mind and whole life to his comfort, who sacrificed at least a gilded existence for his sake and lived in almost nun-like seclusion so that he could keep her all to himself, and was rewarded long before the end by the "honour" of sharing her lover with any woman or girl he happened to fancy at the moment.

It was Juliette who saved his life when the political revolution in France, to which he gave his words and eloquence rather than his deeds, came to grief. It was she who arranged for him to escape in time, and to give him a home in Brussels, where he sought refuge. It was she who guarded him from his enemies, who tried to keep him safe, who flattered and consoled him. Yet, at the end, one has an uneasy suspicion that he only hung on to her because her devotion, being so disinterested and so faithful, was always useful in an emergency. Even as a politician, Hugo seemed to have been tawdry. A torrent of eloquence, to be followed by a quick flight. And yet, all the time, in his own eyes, he was a Great Lover, a Great Patriot, a Superman in Poetry, Drama: a saviour among the world of men. Being famous and handsome, he got away with it all. His poetical fluency, his poetical imagination, his good looks, his complete egotism, triumphed over circumstances; or, when they didn't, he comforted himself by the belief that the jealousy of his rivals and enemies was the sole cause of his discomfort.

His tragedy was rather the tragedy of a deeply imbedded vanity, rather than one of fate or circumstance. True, he was always ready to repent after the event, and to repent

out loud and with satisfying dramatic effect. He could sleep with the butcher's wife and get up to write a love-poem all about it. He could do the same thing after a loved one's death. The tragic end of his favourite daughter, after he had neglected her for years, filled him with unconsolable woe—or, rather, Juliette undressed was the only thing which could console him. He was an astonishing, if not a great figure. He was, according to this book, a spoiled child of both women and fortune and his own flowery talent. But one cannot call his life tragic, because to me the whole essence of tragedy is endurance, and frustration and loss.

A fighting resignation which will die sooner than moan, not so much to Heaven, as in the ear of anybody who is sympathetic enough to listen. Juliette alone adds a certain human glory to the tale.

Thoughts from "The Tragic Life of Victor Hugo."

"There are two qualities in a conceited man: the perception of his worth without that of his limitations, and vanity—a sign of arrogance and self-infatuated imbecility."

"When one is suffering deeply, the condolences of indifferent and curious people are unbearable."

"When conceit is mingled with vanity, it lasts until death."

"A father must choose between his duty and his pleasure and personal interests."

Pleasant Contrast.

After philosophy and tragedy it is pleasantly restful to turn to Angela Thirkell's new novel, "The Brandons" (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). Here is a light comedy of conduct, and the conduct is most engagingly odd. Mrs. Brandon, for instance, who likes to imagine that her quite pleasantly uneventful married life has been tragic and unhappy. Her cheerful young son and daughter, whose only cloud is "a formidable old aunt," who finds her thrills by perpetually

changing, or threatening to change, her will. Nobody cares much either way, however, but when an old lady moans of her loneliness something has to be done about it, especially if she be a relation.

But, apart from Mrs. Brandon, the funniest character is that of Hilary's (another possible heir to the old lady's fortune) mother, who is always thinking that her spiritual home is really in Italy, who wears a brightly coloured scarf around her scraggy neck in the belief that she is bringing with her a whiff of the Mediterranean, and who, when in Italy, is always seeking to become *one* with the inhabitants, though they refuse to make her anything but *two*. The plot meanders along very pleasantly, and really is very funny indeed. Mrs. Thirkell's slyly quiet humour has rarely been better displayed than in this entertaining new story she has just written.



Linn Press

SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND FRIEND AT CAP FERRAT

The shapely lady's name is "Elsa Von Brabant," and she is the famous author-dramatist's favourite companion at his beautiful villa La Mauresque in the Alpes Maritimes. Somerset Maugham's 1938 book was "The Summing-Up," and his works, as the world knows, are as numerous as the sands of the seashore. He married a daughter of the late Dr. Barnardo



"TOO HOT
TO
HANDLE"
IS ALSO
THE NAME
OF
ONE OF
MYRNA LOY'S
DOGS—
THE FILM
WAS A BIG
SUCCESS



MYRNA LOY WITH A HANDFUL—AND (INSET) WITH CLARK GABLE

Myrna Loy is now hard at work with Robert Taylor on *Lucky Night*, which is in its preliminary stage at the M.-G.-M. Hollywood studios, so we may not see it over here for some little time to come. *Too Hot to Handle*, which everyone saw first at the Empire and later elsewhere, was a big success. Clark Gable, who has recently espoused Carole Lombard, was the male lead, and the lower picture was taken in an off moment in Hollywood. Another of Myrna Loy's coming activities is *The Rains Came*, based on Louis Bromfield's famous novel. There was some difficulty about finding names for Myrna Loy's two wire-haired terriers, one of which is seen above. "Too Hot to Handle" fitted one of them, and a prize has been offered for a name for the other





CAPTAIN N. L. DE RINZY
WITH CHARLIE CLAPHAM

Captain de Rinzy is the capable and very popular secretary of the Sonning Golf Club, and his companion is none other than the first half of those two popular comedians, Clapham and Dwyer. This course is deservedly recognised as one of the best in Berkshire

IF, like myself, you have always looked upon the Littlestone Golf Club, down in New Romney, as the special preserve of the legal profession, you will be interested to learn that its appeal is to be wider in future. Major R. C. G. Middleton, never a man to do things by half-measures, has erected a dormy-house that appears to set a new standard of luxury and general convenience. There are fifteen double rooms, each with a private bathroom, three single rooms, and further sleeping accommodation in an annexe next door. Downstairs there are lounge, card and billiard rooms, and a special dining-room for nurses and children: the latter is a brilliant inspiration on somebody's part, and should prove an effective lure to jaded City gentlemen who wish to combine golf with a family week-end. The opening of the new dormy-house is to be celebrated with various open competitions on the week-end of May 13 and 14. The Saturday, I see, clashes with the St. George's Vase tournament, but that may strengthen the entry for the Sunday, as a good many entrants for the Vase may care to motor over from Sandwich for a change of scene.

What a wonderful Easter! It even lured me out on to the course again, and I actually played four rounds in five days. Taking pot-luck for the last of these, I drove down to Addington and found my old friend Charles Graves, whose page you probably read in the *Daily Mail*, standing at the door of the club-house looking for a victim. He plays to a robust four, and, like one of the members of P. G. Wodehouse's immortal four-ball, the Wrecking Crew, "does not spare himself in his efforts to do the ball a violent injury." I beat him on the last green, because I had played three rounds just previously, and he had only played two. Both of us were suffering from the faults that everyone has to overcome after a winter's absence from the game—you know them all: the vicious dig with the right shoulder, the heaving of the body round to the left, the anxious glance to see where the ball has gone just before the club comes into contact with it, the everlasting slice on a ball that's struck with the heel of the club.

For one habitual hooker there must be twenty habitual slicers—among whose number I have the honour of including myself. It is ridiculous to know so well what causes that pernicious fade, and yet be powerless to stop it. The more you aim to the right to allow for a shade of draw, the more certain you are, by hitting the club-head towards the actual direction of the hole, to draw it across

CONCERNING GOLF By HENRY LONGHURST

the ball relative to the direction in which you are facing. And the harder you hit with the right hand to stop the slice, the more certain is the left hand to collapse at the impact. I defy anyone who is not in full practice to give the club-head sufficient chance at the top of the swing: snatch, snatch, snatch—you can feel it happening, and there's nothing you can do to prevent it. When you do get one right at last, it seems that you almost had time to count ten at the top of the backswing.

Where most amateur golfers, and a good many professionals, too, differ from a man like Cotton, is that they cannot keep their left arm straight at and after the moment of impact. Instantaneous photographs will show that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the left arm has "given" at the elbow the moment the ball is hit. And the moment it "gives," the path of the clubhead is automatically altered to a corresponding degree. All of which is very technical but, I am sure, true.

Graves informs me that his bookmaker quotes Locke as favourite for the Open at St. Andrew's. For myself, I have never believed him quite big enough yet to win the British Open, but his stature has increased, in both senses, during the past year, and he is obviously a more serious contender than before. Why, the fellow never seems to take 70! He did slip up once in the South African Open, which he has just won again, and the third round cost him 74—but the other three were 69, 69, 67. What is the secret of his astonishing ability to go on scoring in this manner month after month? I think it is his holing-out. From the awkward distances—say, from four to twelve feet—he is supreme. I don't believe there is a man in the world to touch him. Most people, when they have holed twice running from ten feet, are human enough to suppose that they have had

their ration for the moment, and by the law of averages must miss the next one. I don't believe that any such thought enters Locke's head. He does not mind how many he holes or how many threes he has in a row. Nor need it be supposed that he confines his fantastic scoring to comparatively short courses. After all, he got round the Old course at Walton Heath from special back tees in a mere 63!



STANLEY NEWTON: BY "MEL"

A golf celebrity who has just been elected captain of the Hendon Golf Club, and the above is how he appears to the great caricaturist so well known to the readers of this paper



MR. LARRY DOYLE AND MRS. STEPHEN
SANFORD AT PALM BEACH

Snapped on the first tee of the Palm Beach Country Club course. Mrs. Sanford is the wife of "Laddie," the famous U.S.A. polo specialist, and was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Duncan

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



STONEHAM GOLF CLUB, SOUTHAMPTON—BY "MEL"

One of the most attractive of the many fine courses that have been carved out of the Hampshire heather is that of the Stoneham Club at Bassett, about three miles from Southampton. The sub-soil of the greater part of the course is sand and peat, and this, coupled with the fact that it stands so high, rising to some 300 feet above sea-level, makes it an exceptionally dry course in winter. One of the first things that will strike the visitor to Stoneham is its picturesqueness, owing to its beautiful woods and undulating terrain, and, combined with the excellent greens and fairways, a more pleasant place to play golf would be hard to find. At the present moment the Club boasts of a membership of nearly 600 all told, and the visitor can be assured of a warm welcome from any one of them

POINT-TO-POINTING IN WILTS AND SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE



Dennis Moss

AT THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) POINT-TO-POINT RACES: LEFT—LADY KNUTSFORD, LT.-COLONEL W. F. FULLER, AND MR. C. W. WHATLEY. RIGHT—COLONEL SIR LIONEL AND LADY DARELL AND THEIR SON-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER, CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. GORDON-LENNOX



Dennis Moss

MORE CRICKLADE: MISS JOAN HASTINGS, MR. MORRIS WILLES (WHO RODE A WINNER), AND MISS AUBREEN HASTINGS



SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE: LT.-COLONEL AND MRS. HARRISON, MAJOR SPENCER, AND THE HON. W. HOLLAND-HIBBERT

Miss Joan and Miss Aubreen Hastings, who came to the Cricklade Point-to-Point from their home at Wroughton, are cousins of Lord Huntingdon. Mr. Morris Willes was photographed with them after winning the Adjacent Hunts' Race on Mr. E. Bee's "Rosario II." The other two pictures were taken at Chislehampton, where the South Oxfordshire held their Hunt Races on Easter Saturday. Lt.-Colonel E. G. W. W. Harrison was joint-Master for three seasons with Mrs. A. G. Elliot, who now has Captain R. G. Fanshawe in support and hunting hounds. The Hon. Wilfred Holland-Hibbert, Lord Knutsford's brother, is land-agent to New College and Merton, Oxford

Point-to-pointing was a very fashionable pastime up and down the country during the Easter week-end, no fewer than twenty-five meetings being scheduled. On Bank Holiday, a huge crowd assembled at Highworth, near Swindon, to watch the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt races, held in perfect weather. The George Gordon-Lennoxes (he is in the Grenadier Guards) were staying at Saul Lodge, with her parents, Colonel Sir Lionel and Lady Darell. Lady Knutsford, whose husband is joint-Master with Lord Bathurst of the other V.W.H. pack, also contributed an Easter house-party, and so did Lt.-Colonel Fuller, Master and joint-Master of the Cricklade from 1910-31, and one of the country's most popular personalities. Amongst many interests, Colonel Fuller is tremendously keen on the encouragement of young cricketers, and his schoolboy matches on his private ground at Neston Park are annual summer-holiday events.



MR. HODNETT, WINNER OF THE S. OXFORDSHIRE FARMERS' RACE ON "KITTY," RECEIVES THE CUP FROM CAPTAIN LUARD



THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT HOME

In the tense and troublous times through which we are passing, it is not unnatural that the thoughts of all who seriously debate the welfare of our nation should turn to the contemplation of the possessors of long heads filled with first-class brains. There has been much talk of broadening of the foundations upon which the Cabinet is built. Mr. Winston Churchill has held many important portfolios in the past. For instance, First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911-15. Our Fleet was at its battle-stations on August 4, 1914. Mr. Churchill was Secretary of State for War, 1918-21, and there have been other more peaceful offices which he has held. But he has always been a fighter like the greatest of all his ancestors, Marlborough. He was with the Spanish forces in Cuba whilst still in the British Army (4th Hussars), the Malakhand, Tirah, the Nile, South Africa, the Great War followed—a long tale of “villainous saltpetre,” and one which unquestionably has shaped his character and fitted him with that fine courage which we all know that he possesses.

PARTLY USK

BUT MAINLY WYE



COLONEL M. H. LOGAN WITH A 19-POUNDER
TAKEN FROM LLANTHOMAS POOL



MISS PAMELA SAVORY
NEAR CLYRO



CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. J. E. CONANT
AND THEIR TWO SONS ON THE USK



MRS. J. F. EASTWOOD WAS
ALSO FISHING THE USK



LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. HENRY GUEST, THE HON.
LADY FOX, AND MAJOR THE HON. OSCAR GUEST



Truman Howell
CAPTAIN MILES GRAHAM FISHING
THE GWERNEYFED PARK WATER

In spite of the rumblings on the Continent, nobody was deterred from enjoying the first holiday of the year to the utmost. Full marks must be given to the person who controlled the weather. Fishermen reported that the water was just right almost everywhere, and nowhere more so than on those two famous rivers, the Wye and the Usk. Colonel Logan, who is an ex-R.E., landed a lively 19-pounder, and naturally is seen registering satisfaction. Miss Pamela Savory, Sir William and Lady Savory's daughter, was another fisherman on the Wye, and was snapped at the end of a cast near Clyro. An M.P.'s job nowadays is no longer all beer and skittles, but the Member for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire, Captain R. J. E. Conant, and his wife and family managed to escape for a few days, and spent a salmon-fishing caravan holiday at Clytha, on the Usk. Captain Conant used to be in the Grenadiers, and has been Private Secretary to the Minister of Pensions since 1935. Mrs. J. F. Eastwood is the wife of the Member for Kettering, and she and her husband spent Easter on the Usk at Trostrey. Major Oscar Guest, the M.P. for N.W. Camberwell, who has a fine stretch of the Wye, acted as host to his brother, the Hon. Henry Guest, Member for the Drake Division of Plymouth, and the Hon. Lady Fox, the wife of Henley's M.P., Sir Gifford Fox. Captain Miles Graham, who used to be in the Life Guards, and a son by a former marriage of Lady Askwith, was fishing Mr. Guy Farquhar's stretch of the Wye

AT THE IRISH GRAND NATIONAL



(BACK) MISS OLGA ATKINSON; (IN FRONT)
THE HON. CHRISTOPHER FURNESS, M.F.H.,
AND MRS. VICTOR PARR



THE WINNERS: JERRY WADE, JOCKEY;
MR. NELSON DIXON, OWNER; AND MR.
C. CREED, TRAINER OF "SHAUN PEEL"



MR. VICTOR McCALMONT AND
MISS IRIS AINSWORTH
BOLDLY CHARGING THE CAMERA



LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT, HER FIANCÉ,
MR. EDWARD NUTTING, AND
MISS PRIMULA ROLLO



LIEUT.-COL. SIR JOHN LESLIE AND
THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN



LADY OLEIN WYNDHAM-QUIN AND
MRS. BOWES-DALY
CROSS THE PADDOCK

Photos: Poole, Dublin

They had grand weather with everything else made to match for Ireland's big 'chase at Fairyhouse, and a good field of sixteen went out for it. The course is a bit more diversified than our Grand National one at Aintree, but the distance is not so far, only three and a half miles. Mr. Nelson Dixon, owner of the Irish-bred winner, "Shaun Peel," a 20-to-1 shot, is above, looking very pleased with life, as also are the lad who rode him and the good man who trained him. Mr. Dixon is an M.F.H. on the Suffolk side of the Essex and Suffolk. Fox-hunting, as might only be expected, was otherwise also well represented. Mr. Chris Furness, son of Lord Furness, is joint-Master of the Limerick, but is downing tools at the end of this season. Mrs. Victor Parr is a former joint-Master of the Meath, as also was her husband. Mr. Victor McCalmont, seen with a daughter of a very famous ex-M.F.H., Sir Thomas Ainsworth, is Major Dermot McCalmont's only son. Mr. Edward Nutting is a son of the Quorn Master, and his betrothed is a daughter of the late Lord St. Germans, M.F.H., and Lady Blanche Douglas, sister of the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H. Lord Dunraven, one of whose daughters is in the right-hand bottom picture, was caught in a moment of ease with Shane Leslie's very popular father

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT

Mr. Novello
Does it Again



CONNOISSEUR OF COMPOSERS
MARY ELLIS



IN LEATHER SHORTS
AND EDELWEISS
BRACES: IVOR NOVELLO

MR. NOVELLO has done it again, only more so. *The Dancing Years*, "devised, written and composed," heroed and to some extent conducted, by Ivor Novello, is the most glittering, scrumptious, tuneful and pseudo-passionate of all the shows he has assembled for Drury Lane. His manifold admirers will love it. Even I, who am no enthusiast for these gorgeous things, could scarce forbear to cheer now and then. It is so efficient, so sure in its effects and, however you look at it, such pleasant entertainment. It neither has, nor intends, anything to do with reality. During the *entr'acte* there floated over the Lane's balustrades the remark: "It's what the folks want to take 'em away from scares and bothers."

The background is the old Austria, which, with its waltzes and operettas and uniforms and gaities, has succeeded Ruritania as the theatre's Never-Neverland. In the foreground, featuring love and misunderstanding, is a tale that beats the romantic band. Here is the regulation Inn Outside Vienna, frequented by young men in leather shorts and edelweiss braces, young women in blonde plaits and red skirtlets. At a piano outside the inn, a poor but handsome young musician named Rudi is playing at 6 a.m. a happy song he has composed. A beautiful, youngish, warm-hearted star-singer named Maria, who has been out all night, buys the song and takes the musician to a love-nest in Vienna which she shares with a kind-hearted Prince. But Rudi's little girl-friend, named Grete, cries and cries; so Rudi promises her that when she grows up she shall have the first refusal of his hand in marriage.

Maria soon loves Rudi dearly, though he has changed his shorts and edelweiss braces for a suit of peculiar reach-knee downs. Soon afterwards he is writing all the songs for her new operetta; and when it has triumphed, they sup off champagne and caviare, and declare their love in despite of small misunderstandings about the presence in Maria's apartment of the Prince's nightwear. The Big Misunderstanding happens years later, when Rudi is a famous composer and has resumed his shorts in the Tyrolean chalet which he shares with Maria. Maria can't understand why he doesn't marry her; but Rudi is waiting to fulfil his promise



ROMA BEAUMONT

IN FERVENT SONG:
OLIVE GILBERT,
MARY ELLIS,
DUNSTAN HART



to little Grete, because the heart of a child is a brittle thing. So when Grete arrives, Rudi proposes to her on the understanding that she will decline with regrets. But Maria overhears the proposal, and rushes off and marries the Prince, and Rudi all but faints while conducting his latest waltz at a fête for the aristocracy.

So thirteen years pass, and Rudi returns from America, vastly rich; and whom should he run into on his first night in post-war Vienna? But Maria introduces him to an engaging boy, aged not quite thirteen, who is their mutual son but bears the name of her husband the Prince. So eleven more years pass, and Rudi again returns, this time to help the unfortunate in a Vienna which has been Nazified by officials with hearts of cement. They ban his songs, put him in "jug," and intend to do worse, since he defies them in a long harangue about the Vienna That Was. But Maria, whose Prince is a Minister, rescues him; and memory casts an after-glow of the dancing years that are gone.

All of which is cleverly used for a near-Cavalcade of sentiment, spectacle, pleasantries, good enough song and acceptable dance. It is pastry made by the best of theatrical cooks. Miss Leontine Sagan has done a whale of a job as producer. So has Mr. Suria Magito, who arranged the excellent masques of street-life in Vienna, 1911 to 1928. So has Mr. Joseph Carl, the scenic designer. Mr. Novello has written many new waltzes that pleasantly recall the old ones of all the Viennese Strausses; and in person he is nice and boyish in shorts, nice and gawky in reach-me-downs, alluring in love, pathetic in sorrow, jocular in off-moments, and surprisingly impressive when he enacts purposeful middle-age. Sometimes he's happy, sometimes he's sa-ad; and always he is deft in side-stepping from bathos. Miss Mary Ellis gives warm personality to Maria, as well as fervent singing in which Mr. Dunstan Hart partners her as a limpid tenor and Miss Olive Gilbert as a resonant contralto. Miss Roma Beaumont dances most charmingly. Mr. Anthony Nicholls, Mr. Peter Graves and Miss Minnie Rayner are well in the sumptuous picture.



PETER GRAVES, MINNIE RAYNER AND ANTHONY NICHOLLS



PRINCE CHARLES BERNADOTTE AND HIS DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MADELEINE

The youngest member of the Swedish Royal Family is four months old and her full names are Madeleine Astrid Ingeborg Ella Elsa. Prince Charles is the twenty-eight-year-old nephew of the King of Sweden and abandoned his rights of succession to the throne by marrying the Countess Elsa Von Rosen

Easter Sunday.

TRÈS CHER—Who knows what may have happened, or what may be happening, by the time this reaches you! Never, during all these last anxious years, has trouble been so near, and yet, as I write, never have our immediate surroundings been so gay and peaceful. The Easter bells are ringing, the sun is shining, and the birds are joyously love-making in my Paris garden that, already, is so tenderly green. The streets are crowded with happy young English faces. Have *all* the school-children of the British Isles come to visit us this spring? One sees them everywhere! Kodaks are working overtime to take laughing groups of boys and girls standing round grinning *sergents-de-ville* (please don't call them *gendarmes*, for *gendarmes* are only found in the country!) outside the Palais de l'Élysée or on the Place du Carusel, where the flower-beds are so bright and gay against the grey background of the Louvre. They throng the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli in order to buy postcards and souvenirs of their visit, and—tell it not in Gath—they are to be found also at the English "talkies" of the "specialised" cinemas of the Champs-Élysées.

A ceaseless, ant-like stream hies between Napoleon's tomb and the Eiffel Tower, and all day long little knots of chattering youngsters are waiting their turn to make the inevitable, personally-conducted visit to the treasure-house of Notre-Dame, where the boys enjoy the grisly vision of the bleached

Priscilla in Paris

vertebræ of two murdered Cardinals (I have forgotten their names, alas! and the date of their demise); while the girls delight in the gorgeous fripperies and jewels. I have even seen a few school-caps and hat-ribbons at the Foire du Throne, that, till this year, was considered out of bounds by those set in authority. These belonged, however, to private parties led by brave spirits equal to the task of piloting the youngsters clear of the hideous monstrosities of the Musées Dupuytren ("*Les enfants ne sont pas admis*") safely to the swings and roundabouts. The gingerbread vendors have had to struggle with the spelling of such unfamiliar names as "Gladys" or "Godfrey" when inscribing them in pink sugar on the gingerbread pigs that are a feature of all French fairs. The *gaufre* and pancake merchants, after using their canister with a lavish hand, have discovered that sugar is not nearly in such demand with their Young Visitors as it is with French children. The Russian Ballet exhibition, organised by Serge Lifar, was well attended, though most of the famous dancers and artists that Diaghilew made us familiar with are but names to them. They seemed particularly interested, however, in the *maquettes* of *Cendrillon* and the *Coq d'Or* that Mme. Nathalie Gontcharova did for the Ballet in the States and in her most recent compositions: the two dance scenes she has arranged for Doris Niles. I even saw a couple of N.H.H.S. hat-bands—and my heart missed a beat—at the Church of St. Roch, when a quartet, "Eia Mater," written for two male and two female voices, by P. Cocherneau, a clever young fourteen-year-old composer, was sung on Good Friday. At the Nouveautés, Rip's revue, *Entre Nous*, with Jeanne

Aubert at the head of an all-star company, is an entertainment of joy and delight if you know your Paris . . . and even if you don't. The *première* took place on the evening of the day that saw President Lebrun invited to another term of hard labour (without the option of a fine) and this last-minute event had its place in the final tableau of the production, greatly to the amusement of the many spectators who had lunched that morning at Versailles.

I am not politically minded, and hardly know the difference between *la droite* and *la gauche*—that I rather enjoy translating as "the right and the . . . wrong!"—but I would have hated to miss that *déjeuner*! The Trianon restaurant, that was so well patronised in the dear dull days before the war, now only comes to life every seven years. It was crowded on this occasion. Mme. Colette was seated between the American and Polish Ambassadors. The Marquise de Polignac caused a sensation amongst the older members of the Government, who are not cognisant of the vagaries of *la mode*, for she was wearing a frock that fashionably revealed an inch or so of dainty white petticoat, and the old dears all thought she was losing her undies! Alice Cocéa looked demure and therefore strange in one of the Salvation Army bonnets that suit her so well. Gaby Morlay had the air of a schoolgirl enjoying an unexpected half-holiday, and Mme. Steve Passeur, remembering

that she used to be a cinema star, dressed her rôle—that of a fashionable playwright's wife—with Hollywoodian lavishness; eyelashes a mile long, and lips as red as the poppies in Mme. Elie Bois' hat, which was coldly considered as being a thought too red. M. Jean Hennessey looked in for a few minutes, but, with true multi-millionaire prudence, streaked off to find a cheaper pub. After all, when a restaurant only does business once in seven years, one can't expect a cut from the joint and "veges" for ten francs!

PRISCILLA.



NORA GREGOR
(THE PRINCESS VON STARHEMBERG)

Since the *Anschluss* and the absorption of Austria, Prince Rüdiger Von Starhemberg and his beautiful wife have lived in Paris as *émigrés*. Nora Gregor, who formerly acted at the Vienna Burgtheater, is the star in the new French film *La Règle du Jeu*, her first in France. Jean Renoir, who is also the *régis seur* of the film, is the male lead

THE RATHBONES' FAREWELL TO WORLD-FAMOUS TAUBER



PERCY CAHN ACCOMPANIED RICHARD TAUBER, WHO SANG COUNTLESS SONGS FROM HIS REPERTOIRE



LISTENING TO TAUBER: MARLENE DIETRICH, MRS GLADYS PEABODY, HEDY LAMARR, MRS. CHARLES BOYER AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SENIOR



(L. TO R.) PERCY CAHN, MRS. RAL PARR, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, MRS. GLADYS PEABODY, BASIL RATHBONE, HEDY LAMARR, RICHARD TAUBER, LESLIE HOWARD AND MRS. RICHARD TAUBER (DIANA NAPIER)



ILONA MASSEY AND SIR ADRIAN BAILLIE APPEARED TO BE TREMENDOUSLY ENJOYING THE PARTY

Photos.: Hyman Fink

Hollywood, as is known, is famous for its parties, but this one that those famed hosts, the Basil Rathbones, gave was absolutely the top. It was a farewell to Richard Tauber, who has just finished a singing engagement in Hollywood, and all the world was there. After dinner Tauber kindly consented to sing, and if the guests had had their way, would be still singing. Anyhow, it was all enormous fun and everybody enjoyed themselves a lot. As to who was present, it would be easier to say who was not. Marlene Dietrich, looking as lovely as ever; Mrs. Charles Boyer, whose husband is doing a picture with Deanna Durbin; "Doug." and Mrs. "Doug.," and countless others. The host, by the way, is playing Sherlock Holmes in Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, which will be over here before long. After he has finished that he starts on *A Bill of Divorcement* and *The Sun Never Sets*—the latter, a story about the British Diplomatic Service, which should suit him down to the ground

AT LE TOUQUET :



IN THE FOYER AT THE HERMITAGE:
LORD AND LADY DROGHEDA

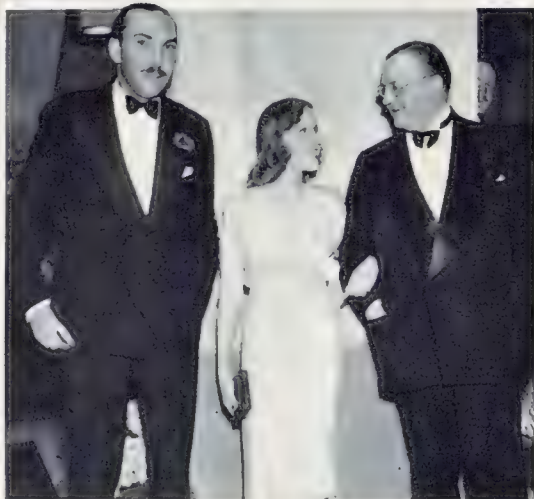


MR. GILES VANDELEUR BETWEEN JANE
CARR AND MARIANNE DAVIES

THAT GALA FEELING



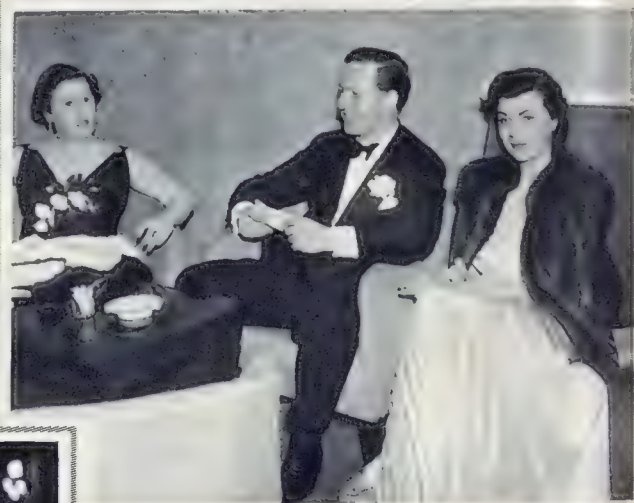
EMLYN WILLIAMS, ON SHORT LEAVE FROM THE
DUCHESS THEATRE, DINING WITH HIS WIFE



MR. AND MRS. FRANK STANLEY CLARKE
FOREGATHER WITH LORD PORTARLINGTON



LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE
AND MR. JOHN PROFUMO



SIR ROBERT AND LADY RENWICK
TALK TO MRS. FRANK RUTTER



MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR SMITH-BINGHAM



SIR WESTROW AND LADY HULSE

Here is proof that John Bull went about his Easter business as usual at Le Touquet with every sign of enjoyment. Galas at the Hermitage played a big part in night-time entertainment, and we present a few of the notabilities who patronised them. The Irish invasion included Lord and Lady Drogheda, and that regular of regulars, Lord Portarlington, who exchanged quips with the erstwhile Miss Vivian St. George and her husband, Mr. Stanley Clarke. The Green Isle further contributed Mr. Giles Vandeleur, Irish Guards, photographed with stars of screen and cabaret. Emlyn Williams, author and leading man of *The Corn is Green*, had a shorter Le Touquet weekend than most people, for he had to be back to play on Bank Holiday, when the Duchess Theatre reopened after being shut for Holy Week

Amongst those definitely in gala form at Le Touquet at Easter were Sir Robert and Lady Renwick; he is vice-chairman of the County of London Electric Supply Company, and she was Warwickshire-born Miss Dorothy Parkes. Other Warwickshire representatives included Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, and Mr. John Profumo. The last-named's father, Baron Profumo, K.C., twice contested the High Peak Division, and is on the Conservative list of Parliamentary candidates. Lady Hulse, the late Captain H. S. Orr Wilson's only daughter, who married Sir Westrow Hulse last year, owns the lovely yacht "Santa Cruz," and is the fourteenth woman member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club



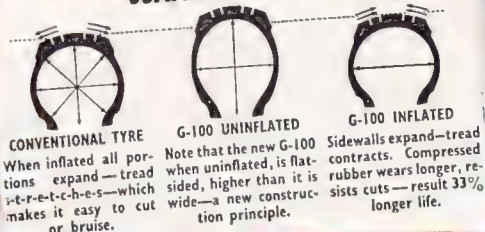
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GOOD YEAR

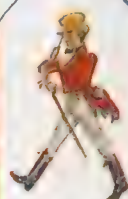
FACTORY AT WOLVERHAMPTON



Stream-line

The talk in the library is of pools and beats, of rival rods and tackle. And grand, satisfying, knowledgeable talk it is. The whisky in the glasses is Johnnie Walker. That is what you would expect such men to be drinking—a blend of all the finest whiskies of Scotland, a blend so smooth that one might almost say—the Major has just said it—that the word for Johnnie Walker is “stream-line.”

Gentlemen!
 your **Johnnie Walker** —



Born 1820
 —still going
 strong



PREPARING FOR THE BALLET

By PÁL FRIED



THE NORE LIGHTSHIP—T.

From the painting by

The Nore lightship at the estuary of the Thames is the oldest ship of her kind in the service, but now her days are ended, for Tri with a month ashore—that is, unless a long spell of bad weather keeps them prisoners until it is possible to send relief. In the above lightship on the lee side, and the confused sea indicates the dangerously shallow waters, against which the lightship serves to warn vessels eleven miles, and marks the end of the Yantlet Channel. In thick weather her reed horn sounds two blasts in quick succession every or too costly to build a lighthouse. The old Nore light vessel is one of the smallest ships of this kind. The modern lightships have more hazardous, since there is always the danger of being run down in bad weather or getting adrift through a broken mooring. Light throw a bundle of old magazines and papers on board—and, need



THE "RELIEF" ARRIVES

ing by Stanley Rogers

for Trinity House is replacing her with a more modern vessel. Three men remain on board the lightship a month, which is alternated the above picture we see the Trinity House motor launch taking out the monthly relief of three men. The boat is approaching the Nore light, which is one white flash every thirty seconds, is visible for every two minutes. Mariners will regret the passing of this picturesque old vessel. Lightships are used where it would be impossible to build a lighthouse. Lightships have a crew of seven men. While life aboard a lightship is less lonely than that in a lighthouse, it is less comfortable, as well as more monotonous. Life aboard the Nore vessel is monotonous, but in the summer time passing yachtsmen will occasionally sail close enough to see the lightship, needless to say, such contributions are always gratefully received.



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"In Town to-night—"

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

LEAVES FROM SOCIETY'S NOTEBOOK



MISS HELEN FAUDEL-PHILLIPS

The world may come and the world may go, but it goes on despite all the efforts of some people to encompass its destruction—as it seems. The burgeoning of the spring flowers cannot, however, be stopped. The London season opens and here are a few of those who may be concerned in its blossoming. Miss Helen Faudel-Phillips, of whom above is a very attractive and recent portrait, is the youngest daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Faudel-Phillips, Vice-Chairman of the England Ball which is being organised by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and is to be held at Grosvenor House on May 3. Lady Faudel-Phillips is a daughter of the late Lord Granville Gordon, a son of the tenth Marquess of Huntly. The Hon. Nancy Eden is Lord and Lady Henley's youngest daughter and was one of the members of the very large Guard of Honour to H.M. the Queen at the Guildhall Reception on March 28. Lady Lyell, who was married last year, gave birth to a son and heir on March 27. She is a daughter of Major Sigismund and Lady Betty Trafford, who is one of Lord Abingdon's aunts



THE HON.

Harlip
NANCY EDEN



LADY LYELL—TO WHOM A SON HAS BEEN BORN

Yevonde

Pictures in the Fire

"THE most important secret in war is to make oneself master of the communications. . . . One ought never to yield up one's line of communication; but to know how to change it is one of the most skilful manœuvres of the art of War."

"To operate from directions wide apart, and between which there is no line of direct communication, is a fault which directly leads to others."

From the "Maximes de Guerre" of Napoleon Buonaparte.

The famous "Maximes" were published a good many years ago, but their application is eternal. When Napoleon spoke of "direct communication," he had land lines in mind. If he had had the problem of sea communications also before him, it is possible that he might have been even more emphatic. He would not, it may be ventured, have looked with favour upon any strategical scheme which envisaged operations from two bases widely divided by a long stretch of water, even if he had held absolute command of the sea, which he never did.

If such a strategical scheme as above outlined—operations from two bases widely divided

by sea—had been placed before him, he would probably have said that, before any such thing could be even so much as considered, the tactical obstructions would have to be entirely eliminated. This, of course, is a matter plain even to anyone who is not a Napoleon. In one of the old musical comedies—I think it was *The Cingalee*—a British concession hunter said to the shrewd Chinese gentleman with whom he was discussing his ideas: "We'll have a road from heah to theah; a railway from theah to heah; and another railway from heah to theah!" "Splendid!" said the Chinese gentleman. "But do you think your railways will really get anywheah?" I will not vouch for textual accuracy, but the conversation is closely applicable to what Napoleon said about operations from widely divided bases. Even after the tactical obstructions have been dealt with, it may be doubted whether they will get you "anywheah." Strategy is as much dependent upon Tactics as Tactics are upon Strategy. It is no good saying that you are going to put A at Z until you have cleared Y out of the way. To operate upon long lines of communication is usually disastrous and always very expensive. History is full of examples of the folly of it. Two easily remembered cases are Moscow (1812) and the Russo-Japanese War (1904). The contradicting case where bases widely divided by sea are concerned is the change from Portugal to St. Ander in 1809. It may be as well to remember, however, that Trafalgar had been fought and won decisively in 1805. Another useful contradiction is the operation by Scipio against Carthage, but then Rome had absolute command of the sea. All this, of course, must not be taken as *vis-à-vis* anything in particular.

The one thing concerning National Training which does not seem to have been said is this: "In the event of an emergency, we are not likely to get the same margin of



SIR JOSEPH NAPIER
AT SCHEIDEGG

An Easter holiday picture. Sir Joseph Napier is in the Gunners (T.A. Reserve)



SOME OTHER "CELEBS" AT SUNNY SCHEIDEGG

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bracken and Mr. Charles Buckley. The most celebrated English ski-ing "pro" has got his club with him—an enormous throng. The bar is in the picture. Mrs. Bracken has just earned her "Gold K," the much-coveted Kandahar Club badge, which takes quite a bit of getting



Sutherland

AN EASTER ANGLING PARTY ON THE SPEY

A group taken of Captain W. S. Grant's Easter party, which was a busy and pleasant one fishing the Aberlour water, which is reported to have been as they wanted it, and the weather certainly was

The names in the picture are: (back row) Master Wright, Mr. Guy Gardener, Major Huggins, Major H. Wright (Gordon Highlanders); (in front) Mr. Cook, Captain W. S. Grant, Mrs. H. Wright, Mrs. Guy Gardener and Mrs. Huggins



Poole, Dublin

ANGLERS ON THE BOYNE

Mr. and Mrs. Lavington Jacks, who were amongst Major Johnnie O'Rorke's Easter party to fish the Slane beat of the river which he has leased from Frances Lady Conyngham. Mr. Lavington Jacks was in Persia for years "in oil" and his collection of Persian works of art is rated one of the finest in the world

By "SABRETACHE"



Dr. Schloss
THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS
OF CLYDESDALE

Another Easter skiing snap, and this time taken at Kleine Scheidegg. Lady Clydesdale is the former Lady Elizabeth Percy, and was married in 1937



AND YET ANOTHER PICTURE FROM THE
SHINING SNOWS

Miss Audrey Skipwith and Mr. and Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott at Kleine Scheidegg. They were all three staying at Wengen-Alp, which is half-way between Wengen and Scheidegg, and very peaceful. Miss Skipwith is Sir Grey Skipwith's only daughter

time which the trench operations of the last emergency afforded us." There is this further, which it might be advantageous to rub in, and rub in pretty hard: namely, that in every war the weapon changes in so many of its details, sometimes so much so as to be almost unrecognisable as the thing which it used to be. In any new war, a great many new things may be in fashion, and a knowledge of how to use them is essential. These things are not all fool-proof, though some of them are supposed to be. In any case, familiarity with them is a first essential. Perhaps musketry, as it used to be understood, may have been more or less retired to a secondary position. On the other hand, many old things may still have to continue. After the South African War, it was said that the bayonet was obsolete, and that only the first-class shot at, the long ranges was any use. Some people still believe that the bayonet and the spiked stick carried by a man on a horse will say the last word. We thought the ballista, the catapult, the hand-grenade and the stink-pot were museum pieces; but it was quickly demonstrated, between 1914 and 1918, that they were not. We thought that knights in armour were as dead as sardines. What is the trend to-day? The great point, however, is this: that, whatever the weapon, the man who has not taken the precaution to learn all about it is going to start very badly in a race that may be run at five-furlong pace. He will be left at the post. So what is the answer?

It has not yet been officially announced whether, during the Herr Doktor Goebbels' Egyptian promenade, he paid a visit to The Sphinx. If he did not, the omission is a most regrettable one. I understand that The Oracle at Delphi went out of business some years ago, so The Sphinx now enjoys an unchallengeable monopoly. But as The Sphinx has always been so terribly uncommunicative, we never get much forrader. If only the Oracle were still available, we might get a move on. We sadly need some authority who is not so up-stage and county, to employ a homely and popular phrase.

There are many places which the Herr Doktor ought to have visited in addition to the abode of the Colossus, which, incidentally, was sold to a thrifty non-Aryan who melted it down. There was, and is, the Tower of London, the sort of place that might make an instant appeal to any studious tourist; there is Madame Tussaud's marvellous collection of dummies, replete with Chamber of Horrors packed with the effigies of almost all the most eminent murderers in history. In fact, had anyone known in time, a most attractive itinerary might have been mapped out for the Editor of the *Angriff*.

(Continued on page 11)



Walter Brydon

ROYALTY AT A BUCCLEUCH MEET

The tryst was at Branhholm Hawick, the seat of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, and the original home of the Scotts. In the picture are: (l. to r.) H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Mrs. Newall, Lady Caroline Scott, her mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duke of Buccleuch has been an excellent Master for many years



Poole, Dublin

ANOTHER EASTER FISHING PICTURE FROM
THE BOYNE

Mr. Frank Fitzgibbon, K.C., with his wife and two of the fine fish he killed over the Easter recess, during which some hard-worked leading counsel permitted themselves a little relaxation, and this is a peaceful way of getting it

AT HAWTHORN HILL: THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEETING



MISS PRIMULA ROLLO AND THE HON.
MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON



MISS DIANA SOAMES AND
MISS M. WYNNE FINCH



MAJOR-GENERAL LORD LOCH
AND THE HON. HELEN LOCH



MISS GRISLAINE DRESSELHUYTS
AND THE HON. SHEILA DIGBY



MISS JACYNTH UNDERWOOD AND THE
HON. MRS. HENRY CECIL

Though the second day of the Household Brigade Meeting was washed out, the first day had its bright intervals and resulting dress parade. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, who has a son in the Blues Supplementary Reserve, was in navy blue; Lady Kathleen Rollo's tall daughter contributed brightness with a coral pink coat, and débutante the Hon. Sheila Digby, whose father used to be in the Coldstream, chose Robin Hood's shade of green. Lady Margaret Ogilvy, in brown tweeds and a red jumper,



LADY MARGARET OGILVY
AND MR. GAVIN ASTOR

walked around with Major the Hon. J. J. Astor's eldest son. Major-General Lord Loch, late Grenadiers and a former Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, had his youngest daughter with him. As regards the racing at Hawthorn Hill, the Household Brigade Cup went to the Coldstream Guards *via* the Hon. Ronald Strutt's "Sporting Piper" (so well in the hunt at Aintree until a loose horse put him out of it). Another Coldstreamer, Sir John Pigott-Brown, took the Hunters' Challenge Cup with "The Stroller." Of course, the all-conquering 10th Hussars had to register a win; this was achieved in the Open Military Hunters' Chase by Major C. B. Harvey's "Santick," which started favourite in the Grand Military



Mother said, "Extravagance!"

Joan said, "Swank!"

... But I said, "Economy!"

TONY and I each have a car, now, and it's an economy, just as I knew it would be. Mother and even my sister Joan have eaten their words.

Here's how it started.

We had one big car, the most expensive we could afford. And every morning Tony would ask me if I needed it.

"Not if you do," I'd say.

"How about getting the children to the Clarks' party? You'll have to take a taxi."

"But you may need to go to the works."

"I'll take the train."

"It's an awful journey, Tony."

"That's all right . . . How about meeting tonight?"

"I'll pick you up at the office."



"But it's miles out of your way."

"I don't mind . . . I say, Tony . . ."

"It's late. Am I going to take the car, or are you?"

"I was only going to say—wouldn't it be lovely if we had two cars?"

Well, Tony would take the car, perhaps, and it would stand outside the office all day, while I missed buses and took taxis. Or I would keep the car and Tony would be late for a meeting at the factory. Until, one day, he rang up.

"Remember what you said about having two cars?"

I held my breath.

"I've been thinking we could buy two Fords for less than one new high-powered car. A Ford V-8 and a Ford 'Eight' together won't cost any more to run. Our garage holds two cars. And, think of the economy of using the 'Eight'."

"And think of the convenience!"

So now Tony uses the V-8 for business and our long week-end trips. We think it's the finest car we ever had. Tony says that any other car with anything like the performance would cost considerably



more. It's thrilling to drive and it looks superb. Yet it cost so little and uses far less petrol than you'd possibly imagine for a luxury car.

And I've fallen in love with my Ford "Eight". No more fuss about fetching and carrying. I just travel about as much as I like. It's so easy to handle in traffic and it holds me and Nanny and the children. It's grand.

Never have we been prouder of a car than we are of our Ford V-8. Never has £115 paid a handsomer dividend than our "Eight" pays every day of the week . . . so Tony says, and after all he's a business man.



FORD V-8 "30" Saloon de Luxe, £280.

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FORD "Eight" Saloon, £115. Saloon de Luxe, £125.

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RUDI KLEBER (IVOR NOVELLO) AND GRETE SCHON (ROMA BEAUMONT)
IN A SCENE FROM "THE DANCING YEARS"

The story of this play at Drury Lane strikes a sad note, as the setting is that romantic city Vienna, now, alas, so changed. Ivor Novello is wonderful whatever he is doing, whether singing, playing or just being gay or pathetic. The same can be said of Roma Beaumont, whose dancing has always been a delight to her audiences wherever and whenever met with. Our theatre correspondent deals fully with this play on another page

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A CUSTOMER in a restaurant sat and absorbed his soup with a tremendous amount of noise. The din was so loud that the proprietor walked over with a frown on his face.

The diner looked up with a grin.

"I always make a lot of noise when I have soup," he explained. "The more I enjoy it, the louder the noise."

The proprietor beamed. "Then," he said, "you must be enjoying your soup very much."

"I really can't tell yet," replied the other. "You see, I'm hard of hearing!"

* * *

A little boy was playing in the garden with his three kittens, when the vicar passed by.

"Well, my little man, and *where* did you get those from?" he asked.

The small boy looked him up and down, and then, in tones of the utmost scorn, answered:

"From the cat, of course!"

* * *

The following schoolboy "howlers" are culled from Cecil Hunt's famous collection:

Luther did not die a natural death: he was excommunicated by a bull.

Poetry is where every line starts with a capital letter.

Punctuality is hard to remedy once it is firmly established in the system.

Excommunication means that no one is to speak to someone.

The doctor felt his patient's purse.

In this country you have to produce a certificate before you can prove you are born.



Photos.: Angus McBean

MARY ELLIS AS MARIA ZIEGLER, THE LEADING
LADY OF "THE DANCING YEARS"

Mary Ellis plays the rôle of the girl who sings the leading part in the first opera composed by Ivor Novello. She straightway loses her heart to the hero (Ivor Novello), and in the end they are separated. If Ivor Novello is Drury Lane's leading man, then certainly Mary Ellis is its leading lady. Her method, her personality and power of singing all combine to make her performance one of much distinction

"Good-morning, madam," said the man from the gas company, briskly. "I understand there is something in the house that won't work?"

The lady of the house snorted.

"Yes; come in," she said. "He's upstairs."

THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



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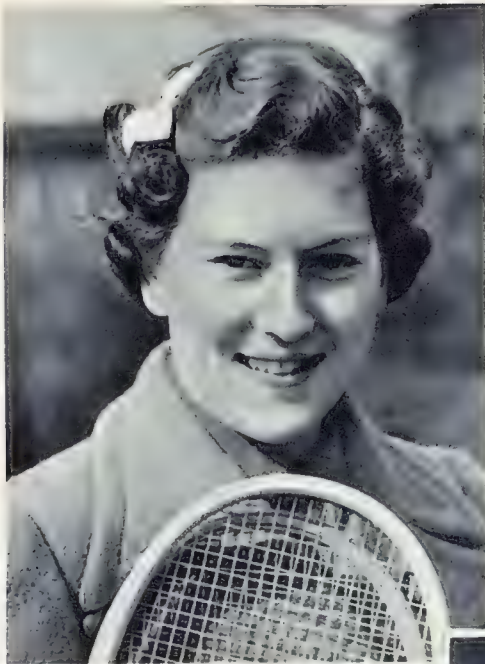
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MISS JEAN NICOLL—A FUTURE CHAMPION ?

There was no more fluke or luck about the manner of Miss Jean Nicoll's victory in the final of the Herga Cup, when she beat Miss A. M. Yorke 9-7, 3-6, 6-2, than there was in her win against Mrs. Hammersley (*née* Freda James, and our No. 5) in the semi-final. Last September this sixteen-year-old Harrow girl won all three Junior Championships at Wimbledon without the loss of a set

picture of Melbury's three star courts, but it is also enclosed by windows that keep out the ruder elements. In case anyone should be puzzled for a moment by that definition, I hasten to add that I was not referring to the rabbits of the club, who are regarded, quite rightly, with equal favour by that Solomon amongst administrators, Colonel Powell, but, of course, to the weather. I say of course, since in each of my tennis pages so far this season I have been compelled reluctantly to print the names of the warring elements—rain, sleet and tempest—as looming large in the rôle of prompters on every programme. Why, indeed, so depressing has been the barometrical, as apart from the international, outlook so far this season, that simply to try and cheer up the morale of the club-house at Paddington's spring meeting, Miss Kay Stammers arrived to play wearing scarlet corduroys. The committee came too, to see her re-emerging from the changing room in more legitimate white before she went on to win her first singles cup this year—and in very convincing fashion, too.

By the time these words appear in print, Miss Stammers will be up against sterner opposition at Melbury, which has the reputation—and one that has been upheld over a succession of yearly meetings—of collecting a galaxy of feminine talent that has its equal in no other hard-court tournament, except the championships at Bournemouth. What causes this influx? Is it the time-table efficiency of Major Maturin, who makes too rare appearances as referee in the metropolitan area? Is it the charm and character of Colonel Powell, who has a son in the Gunners, I believe, and whose own motto should certainly be "Ubique"? Is it the sergeant-major who presides over the bar and is the friend of all of us, who dispenses cooling drinks to over-heated and exhausted players, but, alas, too often only succeeds in forcing our blood pressure

LAWN TENNIS : : By GODFREY WINN

I STARTED writing this on the verandah of my home club, a verandah that would have appealed, I can't help feeling, to that undying character of E. F. Benson's, Miss Mapp. For the verandah is not only sufficiently wide and long that it gives you a composite

even higher by letting slip the saga of his latest successes in the football pools? Is it the personality of the members themselves?

That is such a tricky question that it deserves a separate paragraph. Melbury can certainly boast of a membership that contains all the elements for fireworks. For instance, Mr. Vic Oliver gives a beautiful performance every Sunday morning. If you have only seen him with a violin in his hand, you have only seen half the man. Mind you, there is no wise-cracking on the court. Instead, from the top of his heavy-weight dark-blue sweater to the extreme edge of the wood frame of his racket he is the earnest student of the game that brings him relaxation and a change of conversation as well as air from back-stage back-chat. And as I stood on the steps the other morning and watched him follow up his service to the net, I thought how proud his father-in-law must be of his sporting prowess. Who knows, perhaps Randolph Churchill himself may yet be persuaded to take up the game for the sake of his figure? Not that his brother-in-law need worry there. He is amazingly lean and fit, and bounds about the court at an hour in the early morning when most star comedians, who have been on show at midnight, have hardly opened an eyelid, except to discover if there is a packet from the press-cutting people among the early post.

But Mr. Oliver not only catches the early worm, he also takes an early ball on the forehand, and has clearly played the game before. I use that descriptive phrase, because I have just finished reading the memoirs of Sir Edward Marsh, who admits throughout to a keen enthusiasm for the game. I remember on one occasion, when we were both guests of Mary Borden in the South of France, that he bravely flouted the August heat in order to be an amateur ball-boy for four of us who were half his age. That is one more example of his endless enthusiasm, coupled with that charm which, throughout his life, has endeared him to all generations. But the tennis anecdote that I started to tell in connection with Eddie is one that he recounts himself in his book, "A Number of People." One week-end, during the days when he was private secretary to Winston Churchill, he was staying in a house-party, full of big-wigs, and was commandeered to make up a four with no less a one than Arthur Balfour. At first he could not do justice to himself or his friendship with Bunny Austin, still to be born, but, improving as the games went by, he was more than gratified at the close of the set to overhear Mr. Balfour exclaim to his own partner: "You can see he has played before. . . ."

Who else to be seen regularly at Melbury has clearly played before? Well, there is

Buzz Weatherall, whose charming wife is a keen club supporter; there is Mr. Bessemer-Clark, though in his case it isn't always so clearly to be seen that he actually completed a round at Wimbledon last year; there is Peter Howard, the man the politicians fear even more than his tennis opponents, though he is ever-improving and ever-gallant, like his wife Do, who, having perfectly performed her duties as a mother, is returning to big tennis this year, and is playing with all her old fire and sweep, thanks to the practice she has been putting in all the winter with Maskell, not to be confused with Maskell, who may be more famous than his fellow professional, but who can give the younger man no points when it comes to courtesy and thoroughness in his coaching; finally, there is "Tiny" Coldham, who, at a first glance, looks to be as innocuous as a rabbit, but woe betide any opponent who underrates his superb tactical knowledge, and, what is more important still, execution!

Like so many other players to-day, he hides his light under a bushel of work. He has little or no time for

(Continued on page xvi)



MISS WHEELER (U.S.A.) AND HERR HENNEL HENKEL (GERMANY)

A snapshot taken at the Alassio Tournament which happened more or less recently, and in which Miss Wheeler played so brilliantly. Herr Henkel is Germany's No. 2 and has partnered Baron Von Cramm, the former champion, many times in doubles



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FALSE EVIDENCE

By FRANK KING

DR. THEODORE SPARKE was just sitting down to breakfast when the 'phone rang. His housekeeper answered the call; and a moment later she bustled into the room.

"The police want you, sir."

"Dear me! It must be something rather important at this hour." Theodore Sparke hastily swallowed his coffee and trotted out into the hall. "Yes?" he murmured into the receiver.

"Sergeant Wheatley, sir. Hendon Police Station. Case of murder just reported. Inspector Frost wants to know if you can come at once."

"I suppose I'd better, hadn't I? Where is it?"

"The address is The Larches, Wellington Lane. The Inspector's already on his way there."

"Very good, Sergeant. I'll be along."

Without bothering further about breakfast, Dr. Sparke buttoned himself into a large overcoat and hurried out to a nearby garage for his car.

He was a little man, a bachelor just over forty years of age, with a round, chubby face, bird-like black eyes, and an almost completely bald head. As he manoeuvred his large American car out of the garage it looked far too big for him.

The attendant saluted respectfully. Dr. Theodore Sparke was quite an important personage. His practice in the Finchley Road flourished. In addition, he had a part-time appointment as police surgeon, and this branch of his work interested him more than anything else. He was a keen student of crime in all its aspects, and had ambitions of treading in the footsteps of Wilcox or Spilsbury. There was a smile of anticipation on his chubby face as he drove towards Hendon. Murders were by no means frequent in "S" Division.

He had to enquire several times before he found Wellington Lane, a quiet *cul de sac* well away from the busy main roads. Old houses, each in their own gardens, stood on either side of the lane. All were in a bad state of repair. The most decrepit of the lot was The Larches.

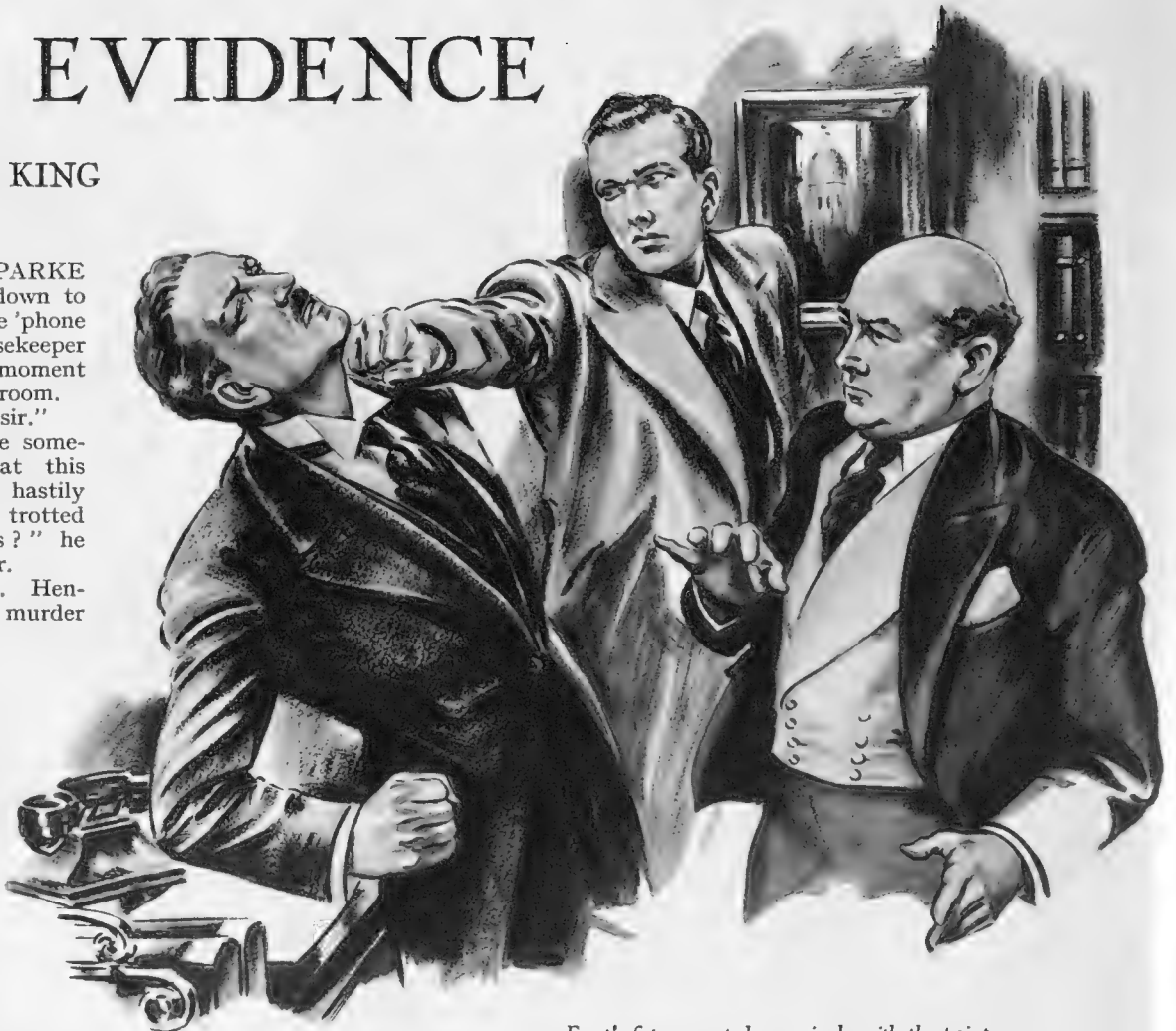
Theodore parked his car behind the police one standing outside the gate, and walked up the weed-grown path through the neglected garden. His keen eyes noted the woodwork rotting for want of paint, the grimy windows, many of them broken, the shutters almost falling from rusty hinges. The place hardly looked fit for human habitation. As he reached the door, it opened, and Detective-Inspector Frost emerged to meet him.

"Morning, Doc," he said. "Sorry to have brought you out in such a hurry. It isn't a murder case, after all. Just plain suicide."

"Dear me! That's rather disappointing."

"Yes, isn't it?" A dry smile crossed Frost's pleasant features. "But, in a way, the mistake was quite understandable. You see, an old bloke by name of Simon Livingstone owned this house. A queer stick, apparently; in fact, an honest-to-God miser. Pots of money, but grudging spending a halfpenny. He lived here alone, and a Mrs. Dawlish came in each day to do for him."

"When the good lady opened the door this morning she got a shock. The light in the drawing-room was still on, and when she went to investigate she found Simon Livingstone sitting at the bureau, weltering in his own gore, as she



Frost's fist connected unerringly with the point of his chin, and he went down.

puts it. He's certainly rather an unpleasant sight, and it's not surprising that her first thought should be of murder. Scared out of her wits, she ran out in search of a constable. He 'phoned through to headquarters before coming along with her. We naturally thought we were on to something. But, as I say, it's an obvious suicide. Come in and see."

Frost led the way inside. In the bare, dingy hall were a stolid constable, a stout, rather flustered woman, and a tall, dignified man who had arrived just before Theodore and who proved to be Dr. Pickard, Simon Livingstone's regular medical attendant.

He had not yet seen his late patient. Frost opened the door of the drawing-room and ushered the two doctors in.

"I think you'll both agree with me," he said, "that the case is quite simple and straightforward."

Dr. Pickard uttered a startled exclamation as he advanced into the room. Theodore stood by the door, bright black eyes taking in every detail of his surroundings. The furniture was old and shabby, the carpet worn threadbare. At a battered bureau by the window sat Simon Livingstone. His wizened, shrivelled figure was slumped forward over the bureau; and even from the door Theodore could see that the back of his head had been shot away.

"Dear me!" he murmured. "Definitely not a pleasant sight."

He joined Frost and Pickard at the bureau. The dead man's head lay sideways on the green baize, now dark with his blood. Quite close to his mouth rested the bloodstained barrel of the heavy revolver which had caused his death. Around the trigger of this the middle finger of his right hand was still loosely crooked. Propped up in front of him was a scrap of notepaper, also bespattered with blood, on which was scrawled the following message:

"The doctors say I'm suffering from progressive muscular atrophy. I can't live any longer."

"That note's really the chief thing I wanted to ask you about, Dr. Pickard," said Frost. "What is this disease he speaks of? Had he really got it?"

(Continued on page 136)



Wistful and appealing—a hooded dinner gown with a faint air of last-century charm! In soft, beautifully draped pastel crêpe, with contrast bead embroidery to define the waistline and a front panel of graceful, unpressed pleats. From the Women's Dress Salon for 6½ Gns.

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FALSE EVIDENCE—(Continued from page 134)

"Yes." Pickard nodded gravely. "I've suspected it for some time, and yesterday I brought a specialist in to see him. Sir Fraser Lewis. You'll know him, Dr. Sparke?"

"Very well indeed."

"He agreed with my diagnosis," Pickard went on. "And we decided that we ought to tell Mr. Livingstone. You see, Inspector, this is a disease where the muscles get progressively weaker, until eventually the unfortunate sufferer cannot move at all. There's really nothing to be done in the way of treatment. But we thought Mr. Livingstone ought to have someone in to look after him, instead of living alone."

"It was practically a sentence of death, wasn't it?" muttered Frost. "How did he take it?"

"Quite calmly. He was upset, of course, but he talked quite reasonably about what he'd do with the rest of his life. I certainly never expected this. He must have done it almost immediately after I left him."

Theodore was busy with the routine examination, noting the stage of *rigor mortis*, the condition of the dead man's pupils, and so forth.

"You were with him late last night?" he asked.

"Yes. I promised to call round and have a chat with him. He was—rather lonely. It would be about half-past eleven when I left."

"That fits in all right. He must have died about midnight. I wonder if you can tell us, doctor, why he pulled the trigger of this gun with his middle finger?"

"His first was paralysed, practically useless."

"Dear me! Did you know he had a revolver?"

Pickard shook his head. "Even if I had, I should never have thought of it. He showed no suicidal tendencies."

"Looks as though he kept the gun in here," said Frost, indicating a drawer in the bureau which stood open a little. He fiddled with the bunch of keys which hung in the lock. "Seems to have jammed. He was probably in a hurry."

He pulled the drawer wider open. On some dusty papers inside the faint outline of the revolver could be clearly made out. "Yes, no doubt about that. Just put the darned thing in his mouth and pulled the trigger, I suppose, Doc?"

"Made quite a nasty mess of himself," agreed Theodore, examining the dead man's mouth. "The bullet crashed through the back of his head and—. Yes, there it is, in the wall above the fireplace. Just where you'd expect to find it. He certainly wasn't leaving anything to chance with a gun of this calibre. I wonder why he troubled to take his dentures out?"

"They'd get in the way, wouldn't they? Especially if they happened to be a little loose."

"Perhaps so. Where are they? Seen anything of them?"

"Now, now, Doc!" Frost smiled as he pocketed the bunch of keys. "You surely wouldn't expect them to be lying about—unless the suicide was carried out on the spur of the moment? He'd made up his mind what he was going to do. Naturally, he'd remove the teeth first, and put them in their usual place."

"I suppose you're right." A trace of disappointment showed on Theodore's chubby face. "That sounds quite reasonable."

A taxi pulled up outside, and the Inspector made for the door.

"This'll be Edward Livingstone," he said. "The old boy's nephew. Luckily Mrs. Dawlish had his address, so I notified him at once. I'd better just prepare him."

He went out, and Theodore, with apologies to Dr. Pickard, trotted after him. In the hall he stopped in front of the stout lady, gave her a beaming smile, and whispered something in her ear. She pointed up the stairs.

"Second on the right, sir," she said; and Theodore hurried up.

In the bathroom, a blue bakelite bowl stood on the shelf above the hand-basin. He lifted its lid. Yes, the missing teeth were here, covered with a sterilising fluid. He sniffed to discover the nature of this, and noticed that all the powder used had not been dissolved. His black eyes were thoughtful as he replaced the lid and went downstairs again.

In the hall he approached the stout lady once more.

"I wonder, Mrs. Dawlish," he said, "if you could tell me anything about Mr. Edward Livingstone? Were he and his uncle on good terms?"

"As much as could be expected, sir."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, Mr. Simon was difficult to get on with. Used to curse me good and proper, but I never took no notice. Mr. Edward's young, and that makes a difference, doesn't it? They didn't always see eye to eye. He wouldn't live here with his uncle, for instance."

"Dear me! That's rather unsociable. And yet I don't know. Life here wouldn't be too cheerful for an active young man. Would Edward inherit his uncle's money?"

"Nay, that's more than I can tell you. Though I've never heard tell of any other relatives. Doubtless Mr. Edward himself will know."

"Yes, of course." Theodore looked snubbed. "Of course."

The drawing-room door opened, and Inspector Frost emerged with Dr. Pickard and a young man whose startled features were pale, twitching.

"It's so—so terrible!" muttered the young fellow. "I—I wish I'd been nicer to him."

"A nasty shock, of course," agreed Frost kindly. "This is our surgeon, Dr. Sparke. Have you finished, Doc?"

"I think so."

"Satisfied about everything?"

"Oh, quite."

"That's all right, then." Frost turned back to Edward Livingstone. "There'll be an inquest, of course, and you'll be wanted. You're the next-of-kin, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"It'll be just a matter of identification. Nothing to worry yourself about. If you like, I'll take you along to see the Coroner's Officer now." The inspector beckoned his subordinate. "O.K., constable, we're through. I don't suppose any post-mortem will be necessary, but you'd better hang round for a while in case the coroner thinks otherwise. You going back home now, Doc? I'm sorry you've been troubled for nothing."

"Not at all," said Theodore cheerfully. "It's been most interesting."

He was the first to drive away from the house. But he did not go far. From the nearest public call-box he rang up the coroner, an old friend of his.

"Listen, Greaves," he said, after a few words of explanation. "I think a post-mortem on this case would be advisable, but I don't want anyone to know about it. Inspector Frost is on his way to see you now with the old boy's nephew, and Dr. Pickard, who was the last to see him alive. Could you oblige me by making no mention of the fact that you've instructed me to do an autopsy?"

"You think there's something wrong, eh?"

"I've an idea there might be. If you'll fix the inquest for three this afternoon I'll know by then."

"Very well. I'll arrange for the body to be removed at once."

And so, within an hour, Dr. Theodore Sparke was very busy indeed in the mortuary attached to the police station. Strangely enough, he paid little attention to the wound which had caused death, but concentrated on the internal organs. He found very definite traces of the progressive muscular atrophy from which Simon Livingstone had undoubtedly suffered. He also found other things which seemed to afford him a good deal of satisfaction.

When he had finished he had a hurried lunch, then drove back to the station and sought out Inspector Frost.

"Located Livingstone's solicitors yet?" he asked.

"Yes, Gordon and Pratt, Lincoln's Inn."

"Mind if I use your 'phone?"

"Not at all."

Frost's eyes opened wide in surprise as he listened to the one-sided conversation.

"Look here, Doc," he said when Theodore had replaced the receiver. "What's the idea of—"

"How's the time?" The little man's eyes were sparkling. "I'd like to have a few words with Dr. Pickard before the inquest. Will you come with me?"

He cheerfully but resolutely refused to say anything more until they were seated in Dr. Pickard's consulting-room. Here he unbuttoned his big coat, and sat beaming across the desk at his tall, dignified colleague.

"Has it occurred to you, doctor," he asked, "that Simon Livingstone might have been murdered?"

"Good heavens, no!" Pickard smiled. "I should say that would be quite impossible."

"Why?"

"Well, I'm quite sure no murderer could force a gun into his victim's mouth and shoot him without a struggle. There was no sign of anything like that at The Larches."

(Continued on page xx)

GARRARDS

*By Special Appointment
Goldsmiths and Jewellers
to the Crown*



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CAST OF
"ALPENSTOCK" BY THE CRANWELL "ACTORS"

The play, which was recently presented at the R.A.F. College, and produced and acted by the cadets, had an enormous success. It was written and directed by Flt.-Cdt. I. W. Phillips, and dealt with a gun-running gang accidentally discovered by a party of English undergraduates climbing in the French Alps. Above are some of the cast going over the script in preparation for "Der Tag" (l. to r. sitting): Flight-Cadets J. W. L. Buxner-Randall, M. H. Dalzell-McKeen, I. W. Phillips (author), P. A. Kimpton (stage manager); (standing) A. Bilderbeck, T. N. Smyth, D. Haig, J. Hatton

Earth and Air.

BOTTOMS upward has been a popular principle in civil aviation. Last things have been put first, and lower things on top. It has been assumed that all people are fanatics for flight, and that the provision of air lines is all that is needed to get them into the air. It is a topsy-turvy conception, as was brought home to me when, last week, Mr. Whitney Straight showed me over the headquarters of his rapidly-expanding organisation, and told me about his ideas on the true structure of aviation development.

A popular joke of the tramcar era in Edwardian England was the one in which an old lady asks a tram conductor if she would get a shock if she put one foot on the rail, and is told that she would not, unless she put the other foot on the overhead wire. To-day the electric circuit of aviation, whereby the full flow of current can be assured, is obtainable only by a direct linkage between ground and air, and flying must always keep one foot on the ground. It is the aerodrome, and not the air line, which should be looked upon as the starting-point for all other aerial operations and for persuading people to travel by air. "Let me make a people's aerodromes, and I care not who makes their air lines," might be the slogan of the instructed aviation promoter. And, indeed, that is the line adopted by the Straight Corporation.

Food and Frequency.

This corporation has taken over the management of some ten aerodromes, including places like Ramsgate, Ipswich and Exeter, and it starts by making those aerodromes attractive. They are provided, when they get big enough, with sports facilities, including squash courts and swimming-pools, and, most important of all, they have good restaurants. The wine list at these aerodromes is really excellent, and constitutes by itself alone a sufficient reason for visiting them. When the standard of catering at roadside places is so appallingly low, it is useful to know that some of the latest and best aerodromes are doing much to redress the balance.

Having established, then, this cultural-cum-culinary contact with all people that on earth do dwell, the corporation builds up its air lines on a basis of high frequency. One line has no fewer than fifty-eight services a day, and the corporation

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

is able to claim that, in all, it runs more separate services a day than any other company in the world. That is a rather remarkable fact when it is related to an England which is concentrating its efforts on building up aerial armaments. Another thing is that night flying has been going on for some time as a normal thing. Then, beyond the air lines, there are the other activities: the flying clubs, five of them, with their Civil Air Guard units (there will be two more soon), the schools and the private flying facilities. For five or six years of development I think it must be agreed that this corporation has done well and gone far to justify its view that *the basis of aerial activity is the aerodrome*. The railways are calling for a square deal; aviation, through this organisation, is already getting a straight



Photos: Howard Barrett

CONSPIRATORS! THE GUN-RUNNERS COMPLETE THEIR PLANS

Four more members of the cast of *Alpenstock*—a tense moment when the gun-runners are up to a spot of dirty work. Left to right: Flight-Cadets J. Eadie, J. D. Steuart-Richardson, T. N. Stack, J. C. Alexandra

deal, and it is to be hoped that war will not come and hold up further internal civil aviation development.

Statuary.

May an omen be read in the two groups of statuary which adorn the front of Broadcasting House, where Sir John Reith used to be, and the new Imperial Airways building, where he now is? The Broadcasting House group is certainly one of the best in London. It has vitality. It is essentially of the present time. The new Imperial Airways building group has no vitality. It is essentially of the pre-aviation era. Yet aviation ought to be looked on as radio's equal in modernity. When one looks on that group it makes one wonder whether Imperial Airways are really the right people to be charged with so large a responsibility in the matter of British aviation. There seems to be something restricted and insular in their outlook, as indicated by the new building. Yet they are the chosen instrument for a subsidised, unrestricted and non-insular activity.

Another puzzling thing is that, although one gets this impression of smug somnolence from the official façade, the individuals who form the company are among the most intelligent and most progressive one could possibly meet. They not only have knowledge, but they also have imagination—two things which are not often found together. Perhaps the fault lies in the leadership, or lack of it. Parliament ordered a brightening-up of Imperial Airways. We are still waiting for it.

(Continued on page 142)

This England . . .



Derwentwater, from Castle Head

OF all the Englands that make this England that of "the Lakes" differs perhaps most of all, and many would hold sweet Derwentwater—studded with tiny isles that fascinate the boy in each of us—to be the loveliest. Yet this is still England; bank and tree, field and farm, the common things of life proclaim it. And so it is, climber or walker or simple beauty-seeking tourist, that here too—your lungs filled with air, your coat sodden upon your back (for it can rain in these parts)—you will find another good thing common to English life . . . Your Worthington, rich-brewed to soothe fatigue and keep your heart a-lift when dusk shall steal the strange new beauties from your eyes.





LADY MARY LYGON WITH HER FIANCÉ,
PRINCE VSEVELODE OF RUSSIA

Snapped at the latest of Lord Berners' always successful house-parties. Their recent engagement caused a bit of a stir in the ranks of the legitimist supporters of the Russian Monarchy, as Prince Vsevelode is third heir to the throne of the Romanoffs. The date of the wedding has been fixed for June 1st

Peers' Prevention of Accidents Report.

THE Ministry of Transport, the cyclists' representatives, and pedestrians get it in the neck in the Select Committee of the House of Lords' Prevention of Road Accidents Report. The Report takes a common-sense and practical view of road conditions, and, in condemning the Ministry's lack of foresight and appreciation of modern traffic problems, points out that, while vehicles have increased by 2000 per cent. since 1910, new road construction during the same period has only increased by 2 per cent. It also recommends an independent department using publicity experts to issue propaganda to encourage road sense and safety.

It is suggested that cyclists should never ride more than two abreast, and that their machines should carry number-plates, bells, and rear-lamps. The cyclists' organisations reply by asking the Ministry of Transport to call a round-table conference to discuss a number of the Select Committee's "entirely unpractical recommendations."

Well, now that the Report's out, shall we see it shelved as was the Bressey plan? Or will something be done in return for the eighty millions a year we motorists contribute directly and indirectly for the pleasure of using our cars on old-fashioned and dangerous highways?

Enclosing the Front Wheels.

Returning from the Empire Trophy Race at Donington Park the other day, I stopped in Coventry to inspect an 8-litre Bentley, the front wheels of which were almost entirely enclosed. One of the passengers said that this arrangement protected the sides of the body from the usual front-wheel mud-splashing, and that the car ran remarkably clean. The chief drawback to enclosing the sides of the front wheels is the need for allowing an adequate lock in both right and left directions. On the Bentley this was achieved by widening the wings.

Those of us who clean our own cars must have noted how the door panels always get flicked with mud, however efficient the front wings and running-boards are. The reason is that the movement of the car sets up a low-pressure eddy-area behind the wing, into which splashes find their way. If there were no low-pressure eddy-area, or if the wings were streamlined, the door panels would remain clean.



AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY "16"
IN WARWICKSHIRE

This model, at £380, represents extremely good value for the money, and is very economical to run, as the tax is small and the petrol consumption very reasonable. At the same time, this car has a good turn of speed

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Another example of the same sort is provided by the back of the car. When this is blunt, it invariably creates an eddy-area, witness the mud that rises even to the extent of obscuring the rear-window view. Bodies in which the posterior is clean-lined and merged into the flowing contours of the rear wings suffer far less in this respect. And there is an enormous variation in their mud-spattering habits. You've only got to walk down a row of parked cars on a wet day to see how some have dirty flanks and clean backs, others filthy backs and clean sides, and some both. Unfortunately, none have neither. So that there's still something to be done to reduce the amount of washing that's necessary if you want your car to look smart.

Donington Park Motor Race Course.

Donington Park lies between Derby and Nottingham. The three and one-eighth miles' circuit provides innumerable vantage points for studying racing technique at close quarters. You can walk round the course in just over an hour. You can cut across in a few minutes from one exciting point to another. You can see the cars and motor-cycles travelling at 120 miles an hour, and then accelerating past the grand-stands. But to my mind the most thrilling spectacle is their approach to a long, blind bend through the woods, which is then followed by a sinuous dive through open park-land. Yes, Donington has all the variety and interest that a road-circuit can offer. And though you or I would do well to average 40 over such undulating and twisting country, the experts whizz round at 75. I met such a one—I. H. Nickols—whose back wheel had just parted company with the rest of his car. Was he hot and bothered? Oh, dear no; it was all in the day's work. The Trophy was won by Tony Rolt, driving a Freddy-Dixonised E.R.A.

(Continued on page 142)



MR. JACK BARCLAY'S OWN CAR, WHICH IS ENTERED
FOR THE 1939 R.A.C. RALLY

This car, which has been specially built to Mr. Barclay's ideas, will be driven in the Rally by Mr. Dudley Noble, who will be accompanied by Miss Barson, both of whom are standing outside the car. The number of extras with which the car is fitted is quite extraordinary: these include a backgammon-board, electrically operated division and sunshine roof



The Humber Imperial Six-Light Saloon, £515

There is an air of dignity and character about the Humber Imperial. Fine coachwork, luxuriously appointed, comfortable and spacious, the excellence of its performance is matched only by the ease and safety of its control. Its price is but half the measure of its true quality.

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THE SUPER SNIPE
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THE PULLMAN
from £750

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Air Eddies—(Continued from page 138)

Holidays by Air.

This year there will be the most comprehensive range of holiday air services yet run. And in view of what I was saying about the importance of the ground objective, I must mention some of them. There are the daily services, for instance, from London to Le Touquet, Vichy, Bordeaux and Biarritz; there are weekend services from London to Dinard and La Baule and there is a daily service from Cannes to Île Rousse (Corsica). Air France's line to the east from London via Paris and Marseilles will be flown on a new route with land-planes throughout. The route is via Tunis and Cairo to Damascus.

Other national air line companies are branching out with new and extended schedules, and among them must be mentioned K.L.M. K.L.M. have established one of the finest air line operating reputations in the world, and they propose in the future to enhance it. Their new programmes and their new plans are well worth watching.

Petrol Vapour—(Contd. from page 140)

63.97 miles per gallon.
A baby Fiat, "Model 500" to give it its proper title, recently underwent a fuel consumption test under R.A.C. observation. On the 571 miles course from Wembley (London) to Newcastle upon Tyne and back, the consumption worked out at 63.97 miles per gallon at an average speed of 32.2 m.p.h. The car with passengers weighed 14½ cwt. and ran an ordinary No. 1 grade fuel bought at random on the road.

Petrol consumption is principally a matter of speed and weight. Your wandering scribe recently carried out some tests of his own on a Ford "Eight." The object was to determine whether an expensive or cheap fuel gave the greater mileage or the better performance. The results proved that, at

any rate with the Ford, the higher priced fuels not only gave greater mileage but also pleasanter running characteristics. Two 1s. 7d. brands gave 45-46 miles per gallon over the test circuit, while some of the cheaper brands only gave 36 m.p.g. Curiously enough, hill climbing and acceleration remained almost constant with the six brands tested. The moral of the story is that it will pay each driver to find out for himself which type of fuel best suits his engine. In other words, we all ought to be more fuel-conscious.



AT THE HIGHLAND TWO DAYS' TRIAL

A snapshot of Mr. W. L. B. Callander, Secretary of the Scottish Sporting Car Club, and his fiancée, Miss J. Wheeler, the official starters in the club's Highland Two Days' Trial which started from Stirling on April 8

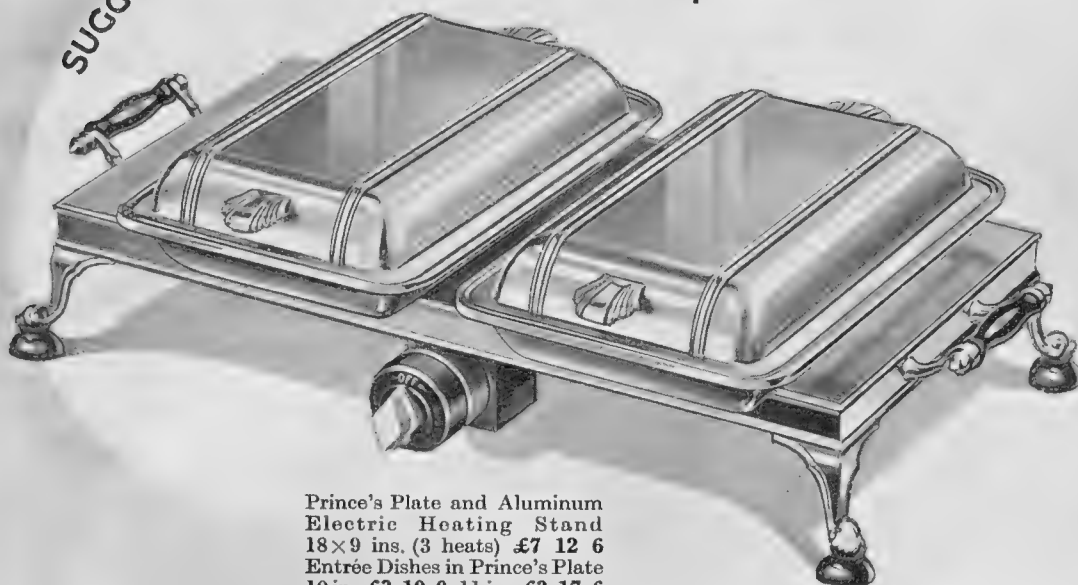
Pleasant Sunday morning.

Last weekend a friend arrived on a new Vauxhall "Ten." I was interested in checking it over, because Vauxhall sales recently set up new records in the history of the great Luton concern. Actually, so far they are twenty-seven per cent higher than for the corresponding period last year. Over 9,000 men are employed and a million and a half has been spent in the past twelve months in new extensions and plant. And that's quite apart from their wonderful £100,000 research works. Well, my friend had done his first 1,000, and as it was wet decided he'd like to spend the time in the garage instead of on the golf course. The simplest thing we could think of was to inspect the tappets. So we polished up our feeler gauges, rolled up our sleeves and got out the tools. It appears that the modern way of inspecting push-rod operated tappets is to take the car for a five miles' "spin" to let the engine reach the right temperature and then do the adjusting while the engine is running. Having done all this we spent a few minutes studying the very entertaining and human Vauxhall instruction book. It told us exactly what to do, what tools to use and so on. But one of the things we should have had by us was a spare valve cover washer which could be fitted in case we spoilt the one in use. As we hadn't got a spare the only thing left was to pack up the tools again, put on our coats and return to the Sunday papers.

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SUGGESTION FOR A WEDDING PRESENT




Prince's Plate and Aluminum
Electric Heating Stand
18×9 ins. (3 heats) £7 12 6
Entrée Dishes in Prince's Plate
10 in. £3 10 0, 11 in. £3 17 6
each.

ENTHUSIASM is very contagious. So great is the demand for Prince's Plate among those who appreciate the finer things of life that over 1,000 British workpeople are regularly employed in its manufacture at Mappin & Webb's Sheffield factory. It is well worth writing for a Catalogue of Prince's Plate; quality considered, its price is quite modest.


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"Had an argument the other day with a journalist friend of mine who had stated that the gap between the high performance car and the normal car is closing.

I wonder if it really is! In price it may be so. But take an ordinary touring car and compare it with the M.G. for a high speed cross country run, for those instant accelerations that spell safety, for stability on grease and that general easeful handling that breed brings out in a car. That is where, in my opinion, the M.G. scores."

Cecil Kimber
MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

M.G. Midget from £222 • 1½-Litre from £280 • 2-Litre from £389 • 2.6-Litre from £442 • (Ex works) Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall

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Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 127)

And, further, apropos the Herr Doktor Goebbels' tour we may note with satisfaction the effort made to hire the Blarney Stone for the New York World Fair has not met with any success in spite of the tempting offer which was made. I do not know whether the Rock of Cashel or the Great Gun of Athlone are still in existence, but, if they are, the same difficulty would most probably have been encountered. The information about the Blarney Stone which was in *The Cork Weekly Examiner* read like this:

"Mr. S. A. Parsons, on behalf of this syndicate, offered a guarantee of £10,000 or a twenty per cent interest on admission, and when that figure had been reached Sir George Colthurst was to get the excess amounts accruing from his twenty per cent interest.

"Three specially selected guards were to be paid £500 each for protecting the stone night and day. A procession of 'speed cops' was to meet the stone and convoy it to the fair.

"The syndicate offered to pay the premium of £100,000 insurance for the stone, which they agreed to measure and mark before shipping it to New York for the World Fair."

So far as my memory serves me, my recollection is that there are two Blarney Stones—one in Blarney Castle and another down a well not so far away. To kiss the latter was more difficult than to kiss the former, and it is said that no woman has ever done it, because one had to be held by the heels. It is a pity the Herr

Doktor did not know the Blarney Stone was still in Eire for I feel convinced that had he, the chance would never have been missed. The effect it is alleged to have on the kisser is to give him a sweet tongue and that art of gentle persuasion which of course, we all should cultivate. It would be particularly useful to politicians and might even help editors.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PETER DAWNAY AND LADY ANGELA DAWNAY WITH THE BUCCLEUCH

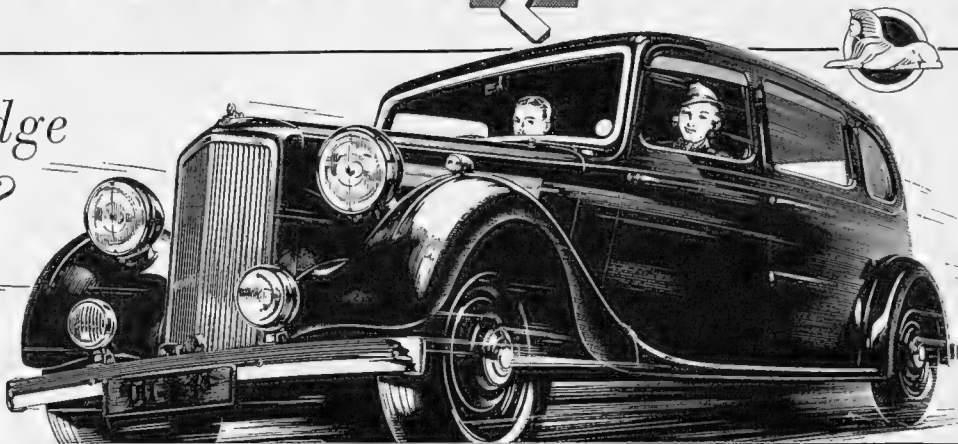
One day last week at a meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds. Lieutenant-Commander Dawnay and his wife have just returned from New Zealand, where he has been serving in H.M.S. *Achilles*, flagship of the New Zealand Division. Lady Angela Dawnay is a sister of the Duchess of Gloucester

Two thousand, seven hundred and eighty-nine years ago almost to the day was born the man who coined the phrase "the loud resounding sea." It has worn extremely well, for the sea still makes as much noise as it did in the times of Homer. What is more, it seems to compel everyone who has anything to do with it to be also "loud resounding." It has a peculiar, and sometimes painful, effect upon some people, even when they only look at it. There are some recorded cases of people getting sick when aboard a ship tightly tied up to a jetty and quite motionless. The medical profession could no doubt give us a reasoned explanation why this should be so. The same thing happens if anyone, when on board ship, should talk about a piece of fat pork tied to a bit of string. Where contact with our Senior Service is concerned there are some added dangers as is well known to one and all who have "called" upon a ship. The record case of endurance is, I think, held by someone of my acquaintance—eight ships and still on an even keel, the excursion being made still more hazardous because it included one visit to the gun-room mess aboard H.M.S. *Last Word*. I trust that those wicked snotties—now probably captains all—still remember the occasion with contrition; but I fear they may not.

B R I T I S H C A R S A R E B E S T

A £'s VALUE FOR EVERY £ SPENT

How do YOU judge value in a car?



Sixteen Coach Saloon or Touring Saloon £380.
Tax £12. Petrol consumption 25 m.p.g.

Many people are prone to judge a car purely from the point of view of maximum speed. But high speed is not necessarily a criterion of value.

The New Armstrong Siddeley Sixteen will do 75 m.p.h. Its designers could, without difficulty, build a faster car—that is, if they felt that the motoring public craved speed, and speed alone. But they believe that what is wanted, rather, is a fine turn of speed coupled with refinement of per-

formance. Which is an entirely different thing. Judged by the uncannily silent manner in which the Armstrong Siddeley Sixteen performs, with its 'Balanced Drive' completely eliminating all feeling of mechanical effort, its brilliant acceleration, and its utter comfort, there is no car quite like it. If you assess motoring value in terms of polished, suave performance and lasting quality, the Armstrong Siddeley is the car for you. See it. Try it. Catalogue free on request.

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Agents in all principal centres.

GO



not to be confused with STARTING



One of the biggest car manufacturers
writes in his instruction book—

*The procedure best adopted is to
drive off straight from the start.*

Go is what should happen the
instant after your engine has fired

IF YOU WANT REAL GO, USE SHELL, THE FORTIFIED PETROL

SHELL for GO
GO for SHELL

The Highway of Fashion

By M.E. Brooke



AS ripples from a pebble dropped into water will travel in ever-widening circles across a pool so will a new note in fashion produce effects that are more far-reaching than it is thought possible. Debenham & Freebody, of Wigmore Street, many weeks ago thought in terms of net and cobwebby lace for evening. The entire theme may now be seen in their salons. The lovely evening dress portrayed is expressed in these materials, and although a 1939 crinoline is introduced it never interferes with the slender silhouette until the hips are passed. In other models the hips are gracefully moulded, and flowing lines extend to the hem of the skirts. The padded peasant bodice is another important feature. That white lace increases the charm of black will come as a surprise to many who have not realized how attractive this combination can be

Picture by Blake



By Appointment
to the late
King George V

ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Betrothal or marriage, office or honour,
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beginning of history, have had their
message and meaning . . their many mean-
ings. And it is so still. When you give a
ring you give more than an ornament.
You give a symbol.

How important, then, that a ring should
be worthy of its occasion. How impera-
tive that choice should be wide: that
experts should be ready to advise if
advice is needed.

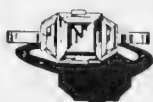
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RINGING
THE
CHANGES

Pictures

by Blake

NOW that Easter is over, women are confidently looking forward to warm weather, accompanied by brilliant sunshine. The vogue for blouses is very pronounced, and this is not at all surprising when the collection Walpole's, New Bond Street, have assembled in their salons has been studied. Seed linen and mosse crêpe are among the new materials. It may be remarked that the models portrayed might well be carried out in either of these practical fabrics, both of which wash and wear exceedingly well

THERE is an infinite variety of occasions when the blouse at the top of the page on the left may be worn. It is of washing pastel tinted satin, and, in four sizes, is 49s. 6d. The frill down the front is particularly flattering to the woman who is not as slender as she would wish. On the right is a lace blouse with a becoming waterfall collarette; it is 35s. 9d. A new material, suggesting honeycomb voile, has been used for the affair on the left, for 29s. 6d

Twist-twist



Do you admire the sheerness and fit of American stockings?

Then you'll adore Twi-twist. Wolsey make them on the American

principle. They use the finest quality silk money can buy. Spinning it

with the strength-giving American 'high-twist'. Knitting it on specially

tensioned machines, which give new elasticity—for better fit, closer cling and

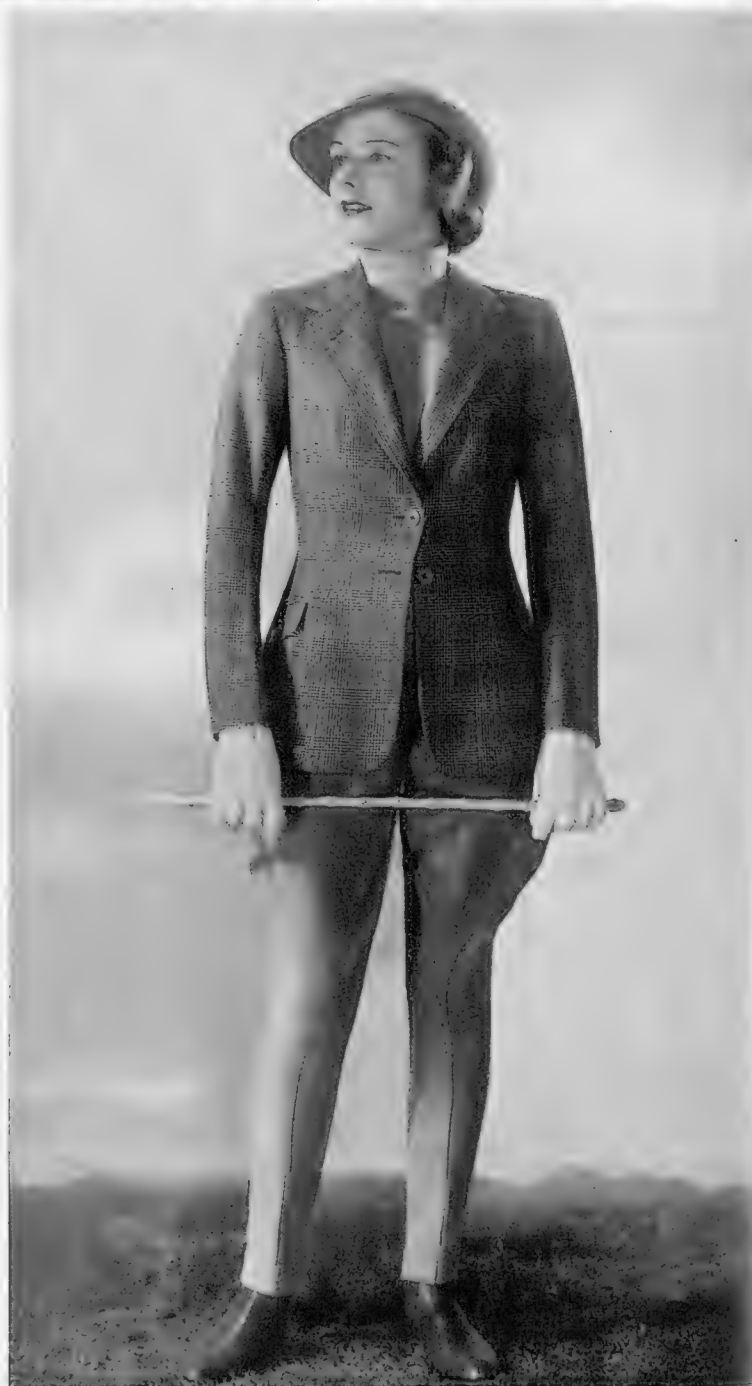
more run-resistance. All-over toe-guard takes care of wear. 'Sheerest evenings',

daytime sheers and reverse knit sheers—in thrilling just-out colours.

From all good shops—4/11 and 6/11. Wolsey Ltd. Leicester

Another **Wolsey**

Winner



EARLY morning in summer is a wonderful time for riding, and the fresh glow from the exercise will last all through the day. Naturally, riding kit must be carefully planned for hot weather, so Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, have designed these summer outfits in special lightweight materials. For "full-dress" hacking, the breeches on the left cost £3 5s. 0d., and the boots £3 3s. 0d. The well-tailored coat, in a Glenurquhart check, is also £3 3s. 0d.; it could, of course, be copied in many different patterns

This firm also have all the accessories, such as soft hats, string gloves, shirts and ties. For morning exercise, the high-necked sweater (15s.) shown on the right, could be worn without a jacket. Many people find jodhpurs more comfortable in summer, especially if they are going abroad. Those shown above, for £3 10s. 0d., are beautifully cut and very light and cool. Incidentally, Moss Bros. also specialize in riding clothes for children, and they will gladly give their advice on the right clothes for the coming shows

Robin Hood

A spectacular Sports shoe
which contributes a new
thought to the Sports World
—in 12 remarkable colour
combinations in suede.

Price 75/-

by
**Fortnum &
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Black BEAUTY



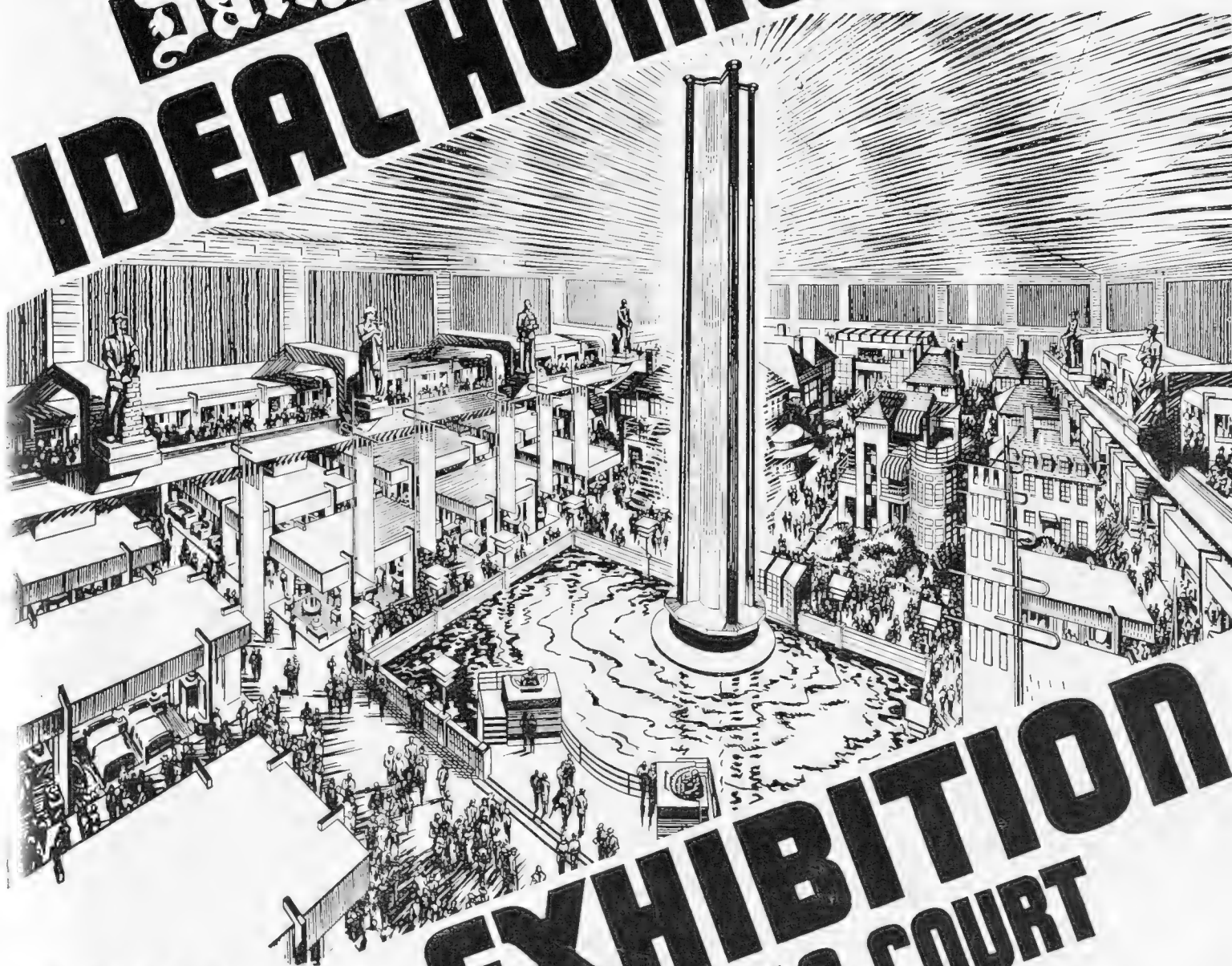
Pictures by Blake

THERE has never been a time when the vogue for lace has been more pronounced. Corot, 33 Old Bond Street, designed and carried out the black lace dress on the left, and although it has a detachable taffeta petticoat finished with a frill, it is only 4½ guineas. By the way, very successful payment by instalments prevails in these salons



THE coat frock above is sure to make an appeal to women who realize that there is nothing more distinctive than simplicity. The skirt and bolero are made of a new black material which is known as flat crêpe. The former is cleverly gored, thus emphasizing the slender silhouette, but leaving plenty of room. Printed crêpon has been used for the corsage and the sleeves. The price is 6½ guineas

Daily Mail IDEAL HOME



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THE ALL-EUROPE HOUSE

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SPRING-TIME GLORY
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"JUST FOR JENNIFER"
A New-style Fashion Comedy

ROOMS WHERE CUPID
REIGNED

Etc., Etc., Etc.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Today.

Mr. G. F. Pinney and Miss Eveline Macey are being married at St. James's, Spanish Place, at 2.30 p.m., and at the same time at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge the wedding will take place of Mr. J. D. Whatman and Miss Pamela Ritchie. A country wedding today is that of Captain J. R. Cordy-Simpson and Miss Ursula West, who are being married at All Saints', Faringdon.

Recently Engaged.

The Hon. William Allenby, younger son of the late Captain F. C. H. Allenby, C.B.E., R.N., of Loanend, Berwick-on-Tweed, and of Mrs. Allenby, of



Hay Wrightson
MISS IRIS AINSWORTH

The daughter of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, of Kilchrenan, Argyllshire, and of Lady Holm Patrick, of Abbotstown Castleknock, who is engaged to Mr. N. St. Vigor Fox, third son of Sir John and Lady Fox, of Girsby Manor, Lincoln

Graden, Earlswood Road, Redhill, and Sheila Patsy, youngest daughter of Mr. G. P. Price and the late Mrs. Catherine Price of Petworth; Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. David Edwardes, R.N., of Druidstone, Broad Haven, Pembrokeshire, second surviving son of the late Lord and Lady Kensington, and Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. L. Broadley, of Priest Hill, Limpsfield, Surrey; Air Commodore T. E. B. Howe, C.B.E., A.F.C., Royal Air Force, son of the late T. S. Howe, J.P., of Hillsborough, Co. Down; and the late Mrs. Howe, of Radnor Place, London, and Mary, widow of Wing-Commander Wilfrid Reginald Dyke Acland, D.F.C., A.F.C.; Mr. H. J. D. Tetley, eldest son of the late John Charles Dodsworth Tetley, Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Tetley, of South Novington, Plumpton, Sussex, and Mary Gillian Campbell, only



Pearl Freeman
MISS BARBARA HADFIELD

The second daughter of Mr. S. R. Hadfield, and the late Mrs. Hadfield, of Failsforth, Surrey, who is engaged to Mr. J. Cramp, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cramp, of Merrydown, Reigate. Mr. Hadfield is President of the Surrey Bowling Club

daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. R. C. Cowan of Chapel Meadow, Forest Row, Sussex; Mr. A. C. Wardrop, younger son of Sir Oliver Wardrop, K.B.E., C.M.G. and Lady Wardrop, and Hilda Mary,

elder daughter of the Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Stanton, of Barbados, British West Indies; Captain J. R. Ellis, The Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Mr. J. S. Ellis and Mrs. Fogg-Elliott, and Margaret Sybella, third daughter of His Honour Judge Peel, K.C. and Mrs. Peel, of Knowlmere Manor, Clitheroe; Mr. A. J. Hutton-Squire, of 47 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, second son of Major and Mrs. Hutton-Squire, of Holyby Hall, Northallerton,

Yorks, and Elisabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Jeurwine, of The Manor, Sleaford, Lincs.; Lieutenant G. H. Carew Hunt, R.N., elder son of Captain R. C. S. Hunt, C.M.G., R.N., and Mrs. Hunt, of Northumberland, and Diana, elder daughter of Rear-Admiral J. F. C. Patterson, O.B.E., and Mrs. Patterson of Nottinghamshire; Mr. K. M. J. Dewar, The Suffolk Regiment, son of Vice-Admiral K. G. B. Dewar, C.B.E., and Mrs. Dewar, of Surrey, and Maureen, daughter of the Rev. J. J. E. O'Malley, O.B.E., Royal Army Chaplains Department (retd.) and Mrs. O'Malley, Sandhurst Rectory, Berks; Colonel M. D. Vigors, D.S.O., M.C., late Hodson's Horse, and Margaret Southcote, younger daughter of the late Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B., and of Lady Aston, of Woodford, Salisbury.



Cannons
MISS MARGARET CROSS

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. G. O. Budd, the youngest son of Sir Cecil L. Budd and Lady Budd, of Burley Hill, Ringwood. Miss Cross is the younger daughter of the late Mr. E. Cross, Nigerian Civil Service, and Mrs. Cross of Blackburn, Lancs.



FOR PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT ONLY

The other people—those for whom second-best are good enough—need not read another word. Not for them this message. It is addressed exclusively to the discriminating, the fastidious, the really *nice* people who, even in the matter of beds and mattresses, can content themselves with nothing short of superlative excellence.

To these, then, be it whispered that the bed

of de-luxe luxury, the mattress for sybaritical sloth, can now be seen, touched, pounded and proven at all ambitious and self-respecting furnishing stores.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



COCKERS

Property of Mrs. Bourke

delegate to the Council of Representatives. Her advice will be of the greatest help to the S.K.C. One cannot help being rather amused at this doing away of the sex disqualification by the S.K.C., in view of the consternation the mere thought of such a thing causes in the K.C. It will be rather interesting to see if any dreadful developments follow in Scotland.

Two shows not to be missed by those interested in small dogs are the Pug Club Shows on April 26 at Trinity Church Hall, Gt. Portland Street, and the King Charles Spaniel Club's Unbenched Show at the same place a week earlier, April 19. Both these shows are worth visiting.

Mrs. Nixey owns a famous kennel of Dalmatians. This breed is now extremely popular and has much to recommend it; being handsome, intelligent and affectionate, they make excellent companions. The photograph is of Bubbles of Birch, who though only eighteen months old, has already won well. There are some really nice puppies for sale the same breeding. All Mrs. Nixey's Dalmatians are noted for their being free from nervousness, and as they are reared out of doors are as hardy as possible.

Mrs. Nixey is the owner of Louie May's Dog Shop in Elizabeth Street, and also of the Lincoln Kennels, Farningham, so has her hands full. The kennels are only eighteen miles from London, right in the country, and a car runs between

The Scottish Kennel Club has for the first time elected women on its committee. One of the ladies elected is one of our best-known members, Miss Reoch. I congratulate the S.K.C. on this election; Miss Reoch is one of the leading and most esteemed members of the canine world in Scotland. She is also our

there and London twice a day, so it is easy to send dogs down. There is also accommodation for bitches in retirement. The training school for kennelmaids is part of the establishment. There are no fees charged for training, all the expenses the pupils have are their own personal ones. Each pupil has a separate room and half a day off a week. Full training is given. Visitors are always welcome.

The Cocker maintains his place at the head of all breeds at shows, and judging from the amount one sees about as companions also; they are too well known to need advertising. Mrs. Bourke's Cockers are well known, she sends a photograph of four bitches, all winners.



WHITE PEKINESE

Property of Mrs. Adams

All her dogs are renowned for their condition, partly this is due to feeding and partly to the delightful surroundings in which they are reared, with acres of woodland and high up. There will be some litters this month, so Mrs. Bourke would like to find a home for a particularly lovely golden bitch, six months old, with a charming character. Both parents are winners. To a good home as a companion the price would be moderate.

One of the many attractions of the Pekingese is its range of colour, almost all colours are allowed. Mrs. Adams specializes in white Pekingese, and her dogs are really white with black noses and eyes. The photograph is of the litter which took second prize at our show. She also had the best white litter at Cruft's, and at our show; different litters. With five entries at Cruft's, Mrs. Adams won five prizes, not a bad record! Two of the puppies in the picture are for sale.

Letters to Miss Bruce, "Nuthooks," Cadnam, Southampton.



DALMATIAN

Property of Mrs. Nixey

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Mrs. J. W. M., Seaford " 4 1/2" " 22 "
Mrs. E. M. M., Preston " 4 1/2" " 27 "
Miss K. S., Hove " 5 1/2" " 34 "

REDUCING

Mrs. J. G. S., Manchester, reduced and strengthened breasts in 38 days
Mrs. E. J., Birmingham " " " 36 "
Miss Joan C., Montreal " " " 42 "

STRENGTHENING

Mrs. N. A., Bombay, has strengthened breasts in 32 days
Mrs. G. W., Johannesburg, " " 28 "
Mrs. M. U., London " " 30 "
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Mrs. J. G. S., Manchester, reduced and strengthened breasts in 38 days
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Yardley

BEAUTY TREATMENT SALONS 55 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 132)

tournaments, though at Christmas he snatched a few days in the South of France, and while he was there, caused something of a sensation by winning the first eleven games against that lengthy Irishman, Lyttleton Rogers, and the match was shortly over, 6—0, 6—1. But those who were surprised by this victory, would not have been so unprepared for it had they realized that a few years ago, when Coldham still dwelt in his native Australia, he defeated Crawford, and was in the running for the Australian Davis Cup team. Where lies his strength? He had something of the same anticipatory genius that Cochet possessed, that enables him to destroy his opponents by discovering new angles of the court that they never suspected till then existed. There is nothing spectacular about his service, or his ground strokes, and yet he always seems to manage to have his opponent on the wrong foot at the wrong side of the court. Work it out for yourself. And watch him for the subtleties of his play if you are a spectator at Melbury this week.

But there is one member of the club whom you will not see, for she has recently flown away to Kenya, which is our loss, though her husband's gain. By the time you read these words, Miss Sheila Patterson will be Mrs. R. M. Dowdeswell, and lost to the tournament world, in which she was rapidly making her mark. For some time before she flew five thousand miles to be married, she must have been torn between two loves. Still, personally, I think she made a very wise choice. But then I am one of those old-fashioned people that still consider marriage to be the best career of all for a woman. All the same, I suspect that sometimes Mrs. Dowdeswell will sigh for the tournament atmosphere, the feel of a really good court. And certainly the courts at Melbury are the best of their surface to be found in London.

Perhaps that is the real reason, after all, why Melbury always receives such a magnificent entry for its tournament. Like playing at Queen's, you are subconsciously made to realize that first and foremost the game of tennis is designed as a pleasant way of taking exercise. Which reminds me that a few Sundays ago, I turned up at Queen's to play a single against Teddy Tinling out of doors, only to find it raining, of course, and my opponent lost in the clouds of his spring creations, so I was very grateful when I was asked to make up a four under cover, on wood, and very delighted to discover that one of the party was Lady Lowe, who in the days when she was Honor Woolrych possessed a forehand that was the terror of her opponents. And, believe me, she still strikes the ball with the passion of the artist and

the precision that is the characteristic of all the good workmen.

But here through the door of the veranda, where I have been writing this, comes a young lady who for several seasons now has set the tennis fashions for so many of her competitors. However, I am rather disappointed to see that Kay Stammers is not wearing her scarlet corduroy trousers. Indeed, she is not changed at all, for it is raining, as usual. So what is to happen to our practice date? Ruefully we gaze out through the clouded window, and reminisce about the delights of playing in the south of France, until suddenly my companion has a brain-wave. What about Major Randall's covered hard court in Maida Vale? Off we hurry in Kay's car, and half an hour later we are having a friendly single that really lives up to its euphemous name. We stopped with honours easy at set all, for having been swept off the court in the first set, I reached five-three in the second, only to be caught and finally dispatched in the twentieth game.

So, without shame, I put on record that I was fairly and squarely beaten by another left-hander, who on the form that she produced that day would, I am convinced, have defeated many other men with far greater pretensions to being first-class than I have. The reason why Kay is playing so much better again is that she has recovered her straight forehand shot down the line that completely disappeared last season. Sitting out afterwards, I taxed her with this, and her reply is so interesting that I would like to quote it in full.

Last autumn when she got back from America, Kay played in a final tournament at Torquay, to wind up a season that had had one or two high-lights, but was on the whole disappointing. All owing to the uncertainty of her forehand, which is the rock on which her whole game is built. One afternoon, during the latter part of the week, she was playing in a mixed match, and was receiving service. By accident her opponent served before she was quite ready, with the result that she had to take the ball as best she could, not having time to change the grip of her racquet. To her astonishment she hit a superb winner. Excited by this, she looked down at her racquet and discovered that her hand was a little more round on the handle than usual. She kept it like this, and to her growing astonishment and delight, she felt all her former control, so that with the return of her confidence, came the return of her power, that is likely to prove itself, I hope most sincerely, in the coming season. She went forthwith to her friend and coach, Maskell, and demonstrated to him what had happened, and though he had tried in vain for months to discover what was wrong with her game, he accepted her discovery at once and was as delighted as she was. And so are all of us.

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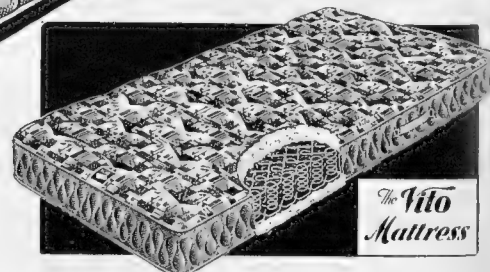
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MISS ELISABETH BERGNER, MR. A. P. HERBERT
AND (right) MR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN

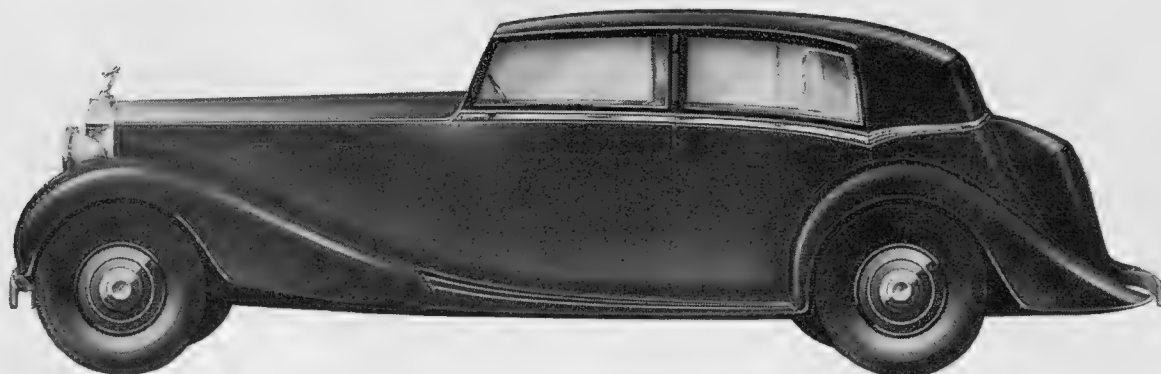


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TION WITH MISS ELISABETH BERGNER

Mr. Charles B. Cochran gave a large supper party for the opening of the new Trocadero supper show, *Night Lights*. Like all C.B.C.'s productions, *Night Lights* has a form of its own. It traces the history of the Trocadero site from the Argyll Rooms of the 'fifties up to the present day. Miss Doris Zinkeisen has designed a succession of excellent costumes and colour schemes. Amongst those who were in Mr. Cochran's party were Mr. Winston Churchill's only son in characteristic action, actress film-star Miss Elisabeth Bergner, whom we all loved in her most recent picture *Stolen Life*, sitting next to Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., of Divorce Bill, literary and fun-poking fame, and the eminent K.C., Mr. St. John Hutchinson



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WORKS AND SHOWROOMS:

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"False Evidence"—(Continued from page 136)

"Very true. But suppose the victim were doped? Say, with morphia?"

"Oh, I daresay it could be done that way. But Livingstone showed no symptoms which could be attributed to morphia."

"That's true, too. And it struck me as rather queer. So queer, doctor, that I've just done a post-mortem on the poor fellow."

Pickard started, almost imperceptibly. Then he frowned.

"Well? Did you find anything to support this rather extraordinary theory of yours?"

"I found definite traces of morphia in his stomach."

"That's certainly very strange."

"Isn't it? But perhaps stranger still is the fact that a large dose of atropine had been administered at the same time."

"I can't imagine what you're driving at."

"I think you can, doctor." Theodore's chubby face was still beaming, though his eyes had hardened. "I think you understand the whole thing very well. Morphia contracts the pupils. If we'd found Livingstone like that, it might have occurred to us that he'd been drugged. So you gave him atropine as well, to dilate the pupils, counteract the effect of the morphia, and prevent any suspicion being roused. When your victim was completely helpless, you shot him."

"So you're accusing me of murder," said Pickard slowly. "I hadn't quite realized—" His fountain pen cracked between his fingers. "Come, Sparke. You must see that this is ridiculous. If I'd wished to kill my old friend, I should surely have chosen a safer, more subtle way."

"Oh, it was fairly safe. You were all right so long as no post-mortem was made; and there was no reason to anticipate that any one would get curious. In any case, you hadn't much time to choose your method, had you? You'd to make up your mind pretty quickly."

"I don't know what you're talking about now."

"The will, of course. Livingstone had quarrelled with his nephew, and left all his money to you. But when you called in to see him last night, you found him very upset. He was writing to tell young Edward about the sentence of death that had been passed upon him, and suggesting that they ought to make up their quarrel. If that letter had been posted, you'd have lost your inheritance. There was no time to waste. So you immediately suggested a sleeping draught for your patient. Rather clever the way you made use of the letter to provide a suicide note."

Pickard half rose from his chair, then dropped back again. His face had paled a little.

"I can see how you've got this idea into your head," he said. "In a way, it does seem to fit in with the facts. But, of course, your accusation is preposterous. The fact that you've found morphia doesn't prove that I administered it. And you haven't a scrap of evidence that Livingstone didn't shoot himself."

"Just a little, doctor. When you were unlocking that drawer in the bureau to get the revolver, you used the wrong key. It opened the drawer all right, but it jammed the lock. You wouldn't suggest that Livingstone made such a mistake, surely? He'd know the right key to use, wouldn't he?"

"Even if you're right, and he didn't kill himself"—Pickard's voice was trembling now—"there's nothing in this world to connect me with the shooting."

"You've already admitted that you were with him just before he died," smiled Theodore. "You thought you were quite safe when you made that admission. You can't go back on it now, and try to tell us that someone else came in after you'd gone, and took advantage of his drugged condition. Besides, you were rather too clever. Who else would know him well enough to crook his middle finger, instead of his paralysed first finger, round the trigger?"

"Damn you! You——" Pickard suddenly sprang to his feet and made a dash at the little man. Frost's fist connected unerringly with the point of his chin, and he went down.

Theodore watched the handcuffs being snapped on his wrists.

"I thought it might be as well for you to come with me, inspector," he murmured.

Frost grinned. "Sometimes a bit of brawn is useful." His pleasant features sobered. "I must say you've given me a surprise, doc. It all seems very clear as you've explained it. But I can't see even now what made you first suspect that anything was wrong."

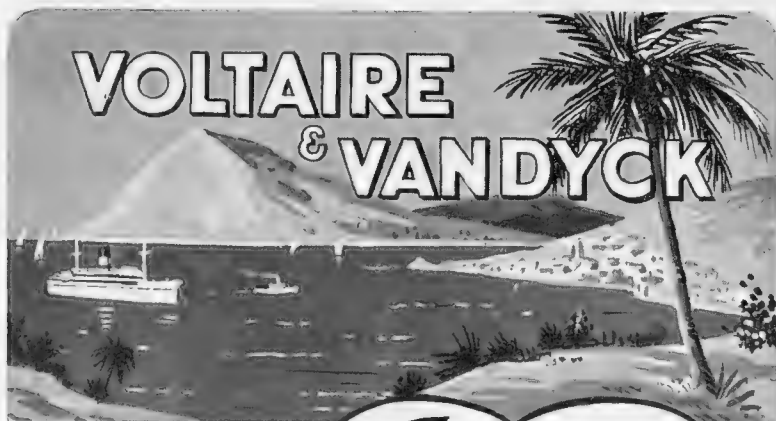
"Oh, that was easy. The missing dentures——"

"I thought we'd decided——"

"Livingstone had not only put them carefully away, but he'd actually mixed fresh antiseptic solution for them. I couldn't see a man who intended to kill himself going to that trouble." Theodore chuckled. "A kind of false evidence, so to speak."

"And that led you to——" Admiration sounded in Frost's voice. "My gosh, doc! You ought to be a detective yourself."

"Think so?" The chubby face flushed. "I've sometimes wondered—perhaps there might be something in that idea. I'll think it over."



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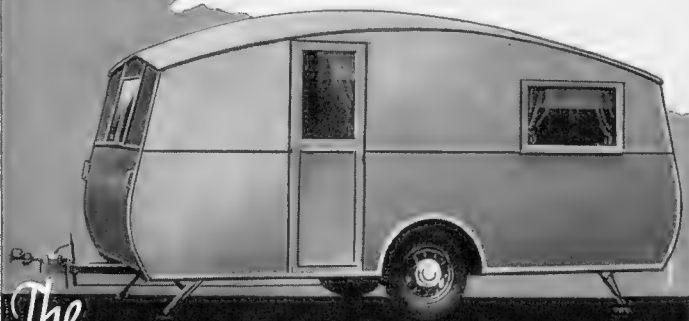
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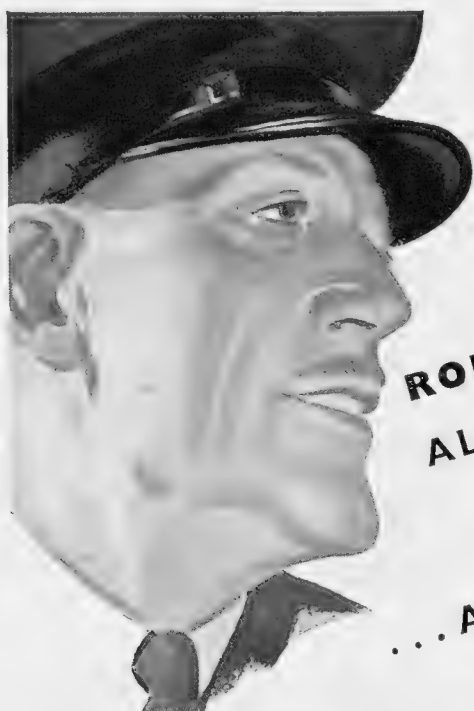
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RACING AT PHOENIX PARK. MISS CYNTHIA MONTEITH AND SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON



MRS. HUGH MAGUIRE LOOKED PLEASED WITH LIFE



MISS DIANA CALDWELL AND VISCOUNTESS MILTON LEAVING THE STAND

Photos: Poole, Dublin

The opening meeting at Phoenix Park, Dublin, provided some very worthwhile racing, but winners were a bit hard to find. The Hon. Gerald Wellesley trained the winners of the Ashtown Plate and the Greer Plate, the latter being the big race of the day, which was won by Sir Alexander Maguire's Queen's Hall. There were numerous visitors from Scotland, amongst them Miss Cynthia Monteith and Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson who has a number of horses in training in Ireland and had one running at this meeting, but did not register a win. Mrs. Hugh Maguire was naturally looking pleased with herself, as her father-in-law, Sir Alexander Maguire, won our Grand National with Workman. She is the wife of Mr. Hugh Maguire, the well-known angler. Lady Milton has been married to Lord Fitzwilliam's heir since 1933; she was formerly Miss Olive Plunket.



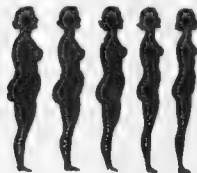
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have testified to its success; "Vanity Fair" of "Home Chat" admits she lost 6 lbs. safely in 1 month. Go to your Chemist or Health Food Stores for a supply of Natex; in sealed cartons 2/-, 5/6, 9/6 and 17/6. If any difficulty obtain from address below.

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baby car running costs (over 40 m.p.g. with normal driving). It is lively, but is also roomy; smart; comfortable; *safe*. The Vauxhall all-steel principles of construction are now being adopted by other prominent manufacturers. But still Vauxhall leads. Together with many other advantages, it offers the riding comfort of the special Vauxhall system of independent suspension. If you are used to ordinary motoring, why not ring the nearest Vauxhall Dealer to-day? He'll gladly let you drive a Ten without obligation.

MECHANICAL FEATURES INCLUDE: All-steel chassis-less construction: trouble-free independent springing: controlled synchromesh: hydraulic brakes: inverted handbrake lever under dash: overhead valves: six-phase carburation: fully counter-weighted crankshaft: compensated voltage control.

EQUIPMENT INCLUDES: Safety glass all round: self-cancelling direction indicators: twin mechanical windscreen wipers: rear side arm rests: pockets in front doors: body conformity front seats (adjustable): ash-trays. Luggage boot at rear. On de Luxe Saloon (£175) No-draught Ventilation, sliding roof, etc.

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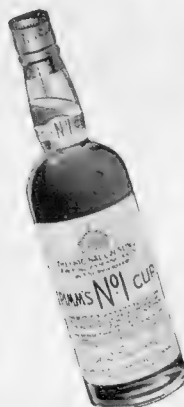


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PIMM'S No. 1



The long drink
with a click in it

Here's the bottle! 12/6—
and it makes 7 pints.

AT KEMPTON PARK Queen's Prize Day



MR. AND MRS. DEREK PARKER-BOWLES
AND A FRIEND LOOKING THEM OVER



MRS. IAIN MURRAY WAS
IN VERY BECOMING BLUE



SIR HUGO AND LADY CUNLIFFE-OWEN
GOING TO SEE THEIR ENTRY SADDLED

Racing at Kempton on Easter Monday—when Sir Abe Bailey's Vergilius won the valuable Queen's Prize—could not have had more agreeable conditions. A. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, married in February and both equally keen on the racing game, paid constant visits to the paddock. Mrs. Parker-Bowles' father, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, was also out and about but his colours were not on view. Mrs. Iain Murray, the erstwhile Miss Angela Du Boulay, is married to the only son of the late Sir Malcolm Murray, and their first child, a daughter, was born a few weeks ago. Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen encountered the camera when on their way to look over Sir Hugo's Maid of Essex colt, a runner in the Rendlesham Stakes for two-year-olds.



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PLAIN ENGLISH

"Hawkins, I need your assistance. Kindly read aloud subsection E, paragraph two, commencing at the fifth line."

"Very good, Sir. Ahem. Ahem. 'Admissible' disbursement wholly exclusively and necessarily incurred, over and above an agreed minimum of 20% of the written down value of the said message, subject to an increase of 10% thereof, less one third of the increment and emolument hereinafter enumerated!"

"Thank you, Hawkins. No doubt it is quite clear to you?"

"I am afraid, Sir, the precise meaning escapes me."

"Quite so, Hawkins. I myself

am also slightly in the dark. Moreover, after last night's party my brain seems somewhat less nimble than usual, not to mention a most appalling headache. I hope the fellow that wrote it has one too."

"On this point of — er — mornings after, Sir, I believe I can enlighten you. There is a pleasant beverage known as Rose's Lime Juice, which, taken before bed, renders the after-effects inoperative and, indeed, non-existent."

"A ray of light at last, Hawkins. Hereinafter I intend to have no more of the aforesaid hangovers. Purchase, procure, beg, borrow or obtain on credit one dozen of the aforesaid Rose's."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S

Short drink — 2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink — add soda

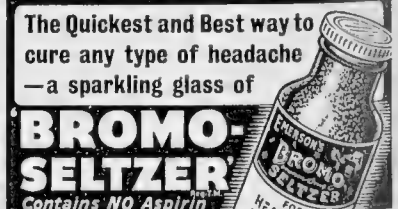
WHY START THE DAY WITH A HEADACHE

If you ever wake up with a headache or a brain that can't seem to concentrate, there's no need to struggle against it all day. But it's no good taking something that just relieves the pain. You're suffering from what doctors call an "acid condition," and you must correct that acidity, if you are to feel fit and fresh.

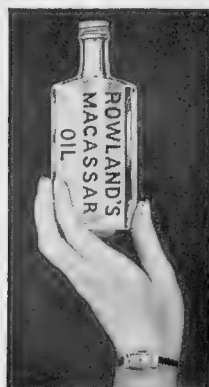
That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a "morning-after," take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer'; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will be better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer' alkalising elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Heppells or any Chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.



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fat where you wish without
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quality and exclusiveness. The Shetland Tweeds
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The charming model on the right
is made of pure Camel-hair in off-
white—a natural shade of Camel-hair
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SOME RECENT



MR. ROBERT STAINTON WITH HIS BRIDE
THE FORMER MISS PHYLLIS ASTBURY



THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. ALLSOPP
LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WEDDING BELLS



A NOTABLE IRISH WEDDING AT DROGHEDA: MR. AND
MRS. NESBIT WADDINGTON AFTER THE CEREMONY

There has been a regular spate of weddings in the past few weeks and the above are three of the rather more important ones which have taken place recently. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stainton chose St. Michael's, Chester Square, which they are seen leaving. He is the well-known Sussex cricketer. The Dean of Westminster officiated at the marriage of the late Lord Hindlip's younger son, the Hon. Henry Allsop and Miss Cecily Borwick at Westminster Abbey. The bridegroom is in the Coldstream and the bride is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. "Peach" Borwick, he being the new joint-Master of the Pytchley and famous former Master of the Middleton. Half the Cavalry Club seemed to be at the wedding. Miss Sidney Montgomery was wearing an historical diamond necklace presented to her great-grandfather, Admiral Lord Collingwood, after the Battle of Trafalgar, when she was married to Mr. Nesbit Waddington at St. Peter's Church, Drogheda. The bridegroom is assistant manager of the Aga Khan's famous stud at The Curragh.

The **VENUS** *de* **MILO**
*The most envied
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world!*



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BUST IS THE
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WOMANLY BEAUTY**

A perfectly moulded figure has more charm than even a beautiful face. Few women, however, possess truly graceful contours, and modern dress reveals with candour the outline of imperfect forms.

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But it wasn't!

It was a last Season's favourite . . . smart in cut and line . . . proving an even greater success Plus-Dyed in the new Season's colour. Plus-Dyeing brings you this sort of triumph . . . for Vita-Cleaning is included free, restoring the first youth and snap to every garment. An Art that conceals Art . . . "You wouldn't know it was dyed!" . . . but you *would* know the difference it makes to be always in the "new clothes" limelight.

SEE HOW LITTLE
PLUS-DYEING COSTS

Swagger Coat, Day Frock, Cloak	from 5/-
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Only the Linia Belt, scientifically designed, medically approved, and fully patented, will give you complete satisfaction.

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Prices of the Linia Belt, including a Linia Jock Strap, are: Popular Model, 3½ gns. (Black, 4 gns.); De Luxe Model in pure silk, excellent quality, 6 gns. (Black, 7 gns.); Standard Model, 2 gns.

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Boots (riding)	£5.10 .. £7
.. (Jodhpur)	37'6 and 52'6

Catalogue sent on Request

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £10 to give urgent help to Miss M., aged sixty-three, who suffers acutely from rheumatism. For many years she was a "mother's help," but is now quite unable to work. Her only income is 8s. 10d. weekly, three shillings of which comes from a friend who may have to discontinue this at any moment. The Friends of the Poor are anxious to continue their allowance of 5s. weekly and ask for gifts to help this poor woman. Please do not turn a deaf ear to their appeal.

The demand for the *History of The Cheshire Regiment in the Great War* has been so great that the first edition has been sold out. In the second edition a few alterations and additions have been made which have improved the value of the work. Orders received at the Castle, Chester, up to May 1, will be fulfilled at the original prices, 6s. and 16s., post free. After that date, the cheap edition will cost 10s. and the better bound book will be £1.

Foran's of St. Andrews is a name so well known to all golfing enthusiasts that it needs no introduction, except for the fact that this is the one hundred and twentieth year since the business was founded. One of the latest additions to their big range of clubs is the "Vibrant" (Hy-Action) shaft, which is fitted to the Tommy Armour 1939 clubs. In the Vibrant shaft the makers believe they have found the ideal. Made under True Temper patents with a short, smaller parallel section at the bottom of the grip above which the shaft is thicker and



THE NEW LEADS AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

Sebastian Shaw and Jenny Laird who have taken over the parts previously played by Hugh Sinclair and Jill Furse in *Goodness How Sad*, Robert Morley's delightful comedy, which had its two-hundredth performance last week and is going great guns. Sebastian Shaw has just finished two big English pictures, *The Spy in Black* (with Conrad Veidt) and *Too Dangerous to Live*. Jenny Laird has also lately been busy filming and will be seen in due course as William's sister in the first of the so popular *William* stories now being screened at Elstree

stiffer, this design is the secret of its sensitive play in action. To swing it produces the knowledge to the golfer that he has a shaft which will not require him to do all the work.

On April 17, Vivian Van Damm presented *Revuedeville 119* at the Windmill Theatre; the soubrettes are Doris Barry and Edna Wood, and others in the cast include Hal Bryan, Ivor Beddoes, Dick Hurran, Eric Woodburn and Reg O'List. Warden and West give one of their famous duologues. An amusing "Rush Hour" scene and some brilliant flute playing by Alfred Lichtenstein are features of the show. Pearl Hackney and Teddy Haskell are the principal dancers.

The Richmond Theatre this week is staging a very exciting mystery play, *Behind the Curtain*, by Ella Adkins, and produced by Sinclair Hill. Members of the cast include Jack Allen, Charles Carson, Lucille Lisle, Barbara Everest and Ronald Shiner. Settings are by Sidney Gausden. The performance begins every evening at 8.15, except Saturday when there will be two, one at 5.45 and the other at 8.45.

The Streatham Hill Theatre this week presents a new play entitled *Interlude*, with a strong cast which includes Sarah Erskine, Hilda Bayley and Louis Borell. For the following week they have a strong attraction in the Hippodrome success *The Fleet's Lit Up*, with Stanley Lupino and most of the original cast.

Sam Eckman, Jnr., Managing Director of M-G-M., announces that M-G-M have decided to release in the United States one of the most typically English films ever made—as English as Hampstead Heath on a bank holiday—*The Lamb Walk*.

IT'S SUPER-FATTED!

How am I intended to construe that statement?

Super-fatted—containing valuable emollient fats—describes one of the most efficient shaving creams obtainable, Sir. I refer to Gibbs Super-fatted Shaving Cream, a small quantity of which produces a generous lather that maintains its rich creamy consistency until the last whisker has been vanquished. The skin is left cool, smooth and supple. The temper of the blade, as well as that of the shaver, becomes instantly more compatible if I may make a suggestion, Sir.

Ah! Excellent my boy—excellent!

GIBBS SUPER-FATTED SHAVING CREAM

GS61D

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1

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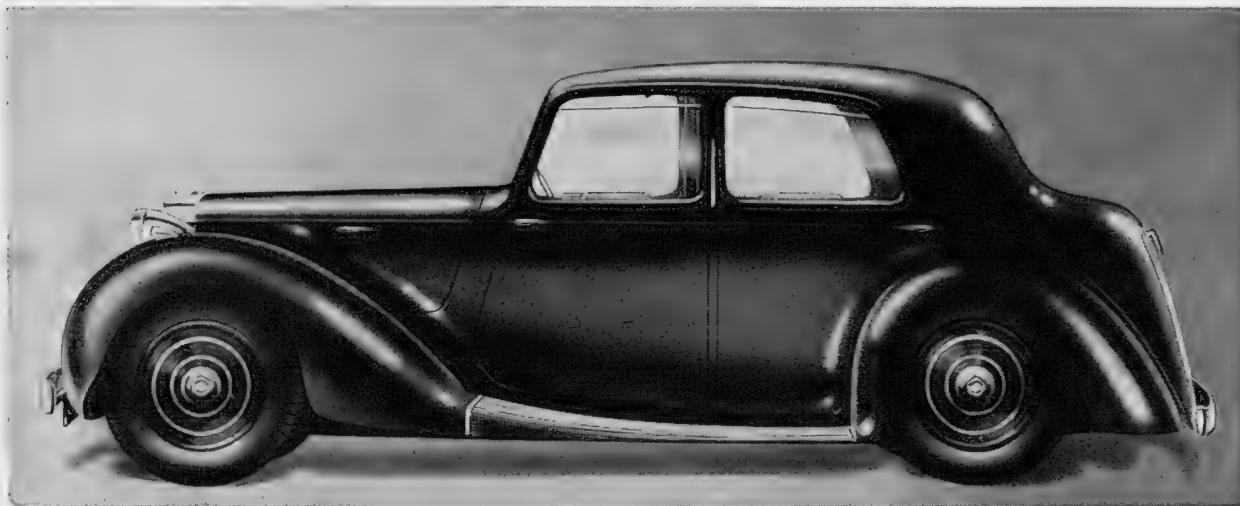
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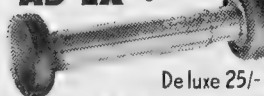


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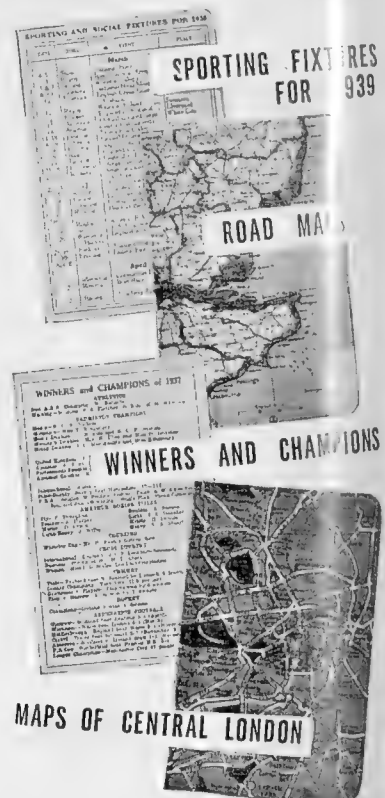
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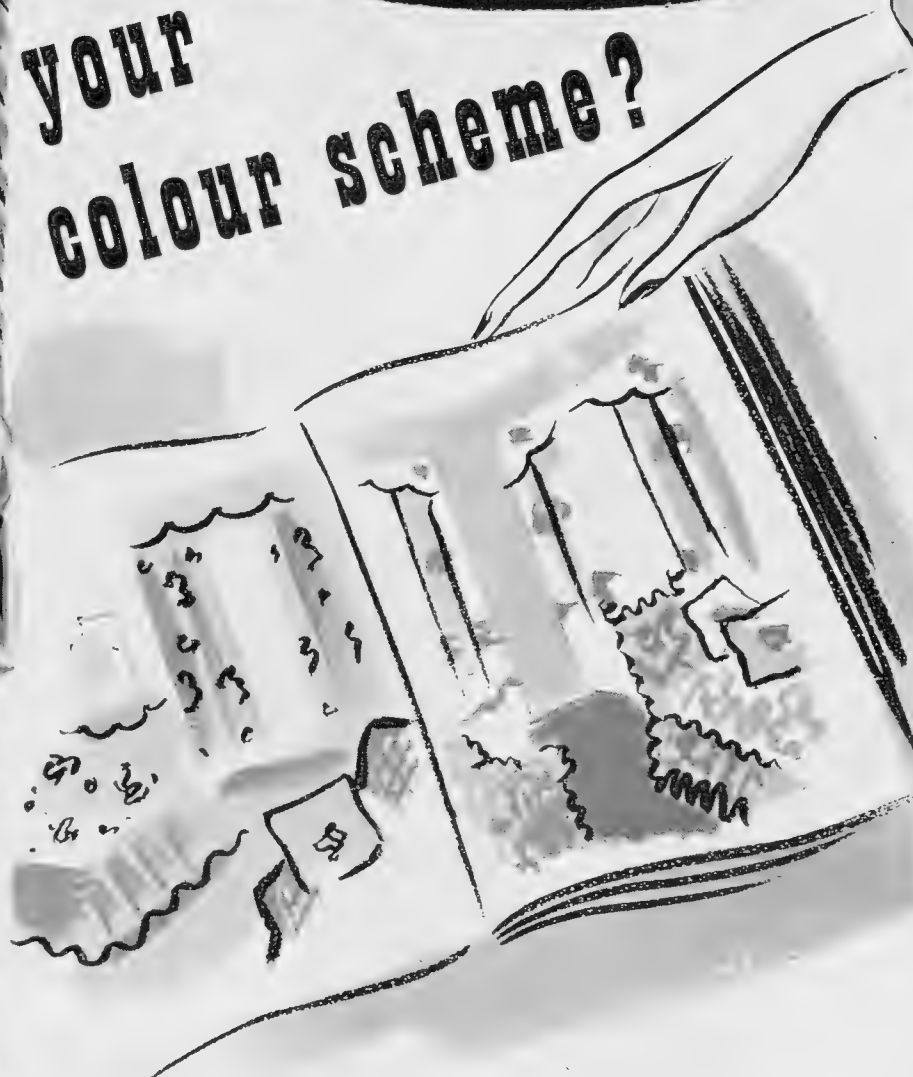


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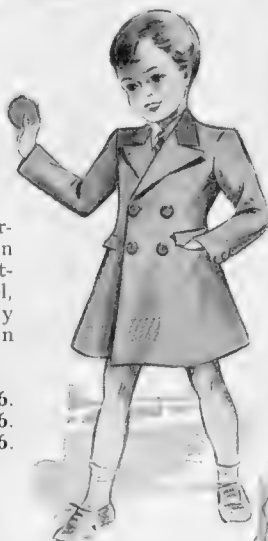
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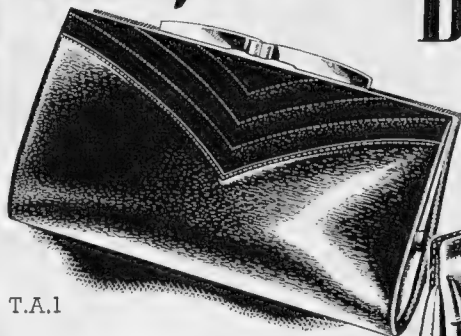
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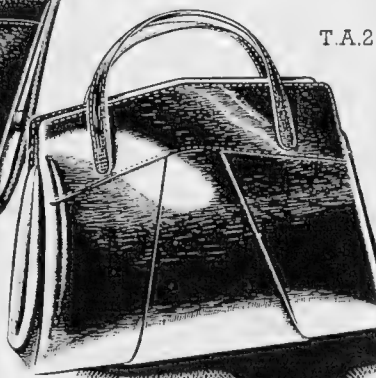
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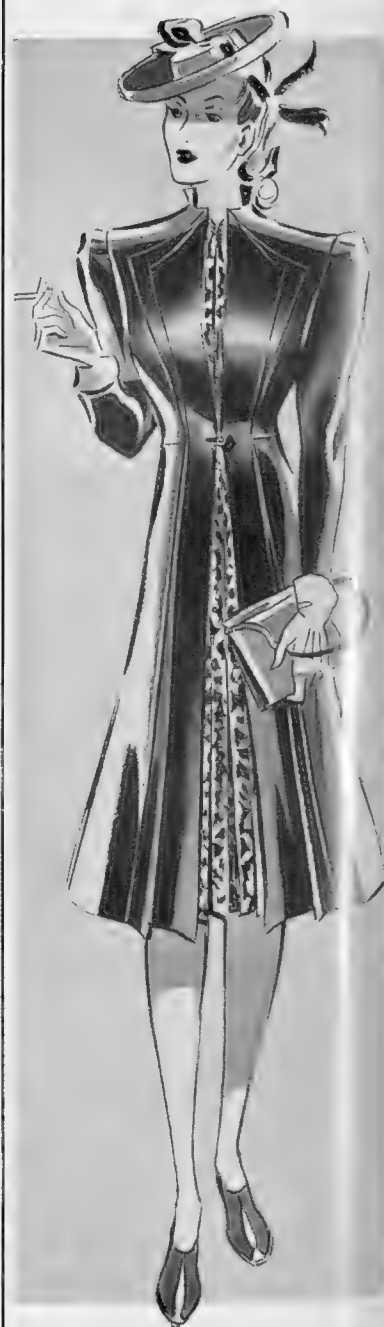
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Please don't think this all 'by the way'; we believe you will want to know something of the

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'Yes, they're charming — there are several here that would do beautifully — but will they wear?'

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They are sold by good furnishers & stores from 1/11 d. a yard

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SUN-RESISTING AND WASHPROOF

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A lovely pleated gown
of silk marocain. Black
or fuchsia . . . 6½ Gns.



Peter Robinson
OXFORD CIRCUS W.1 Ltd.

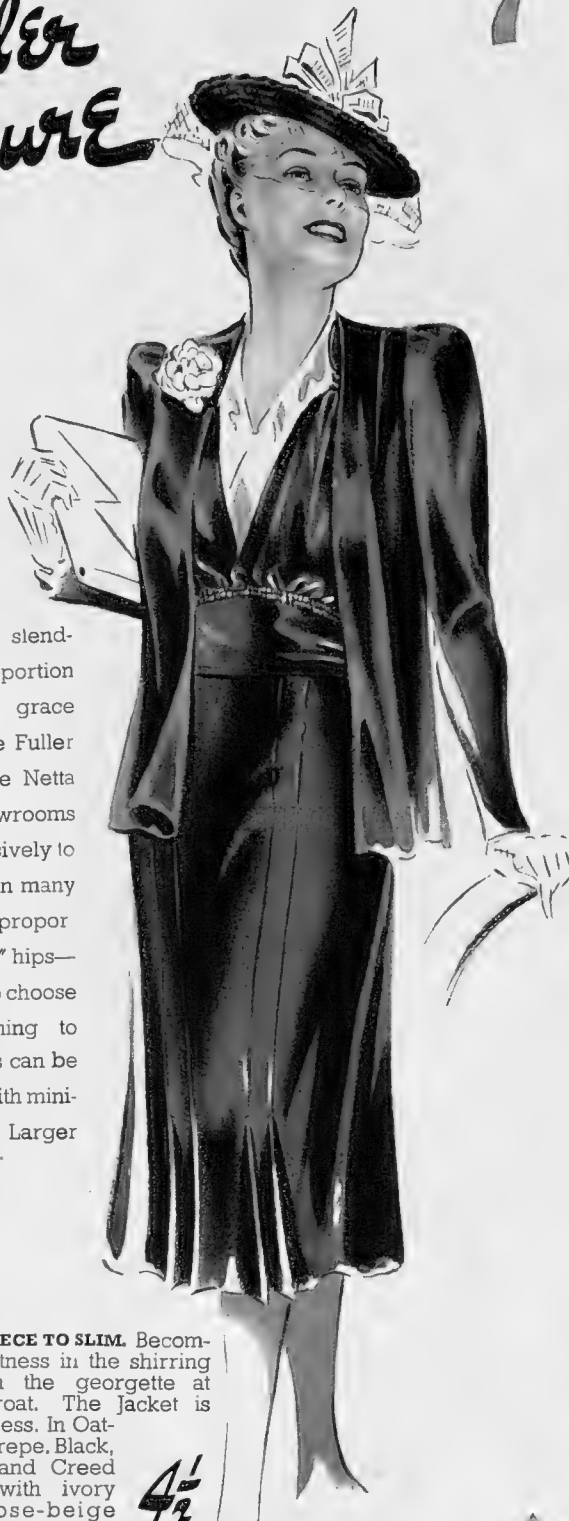
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42/-

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A knife pleated SKIRT in super quality White worsted flannel.
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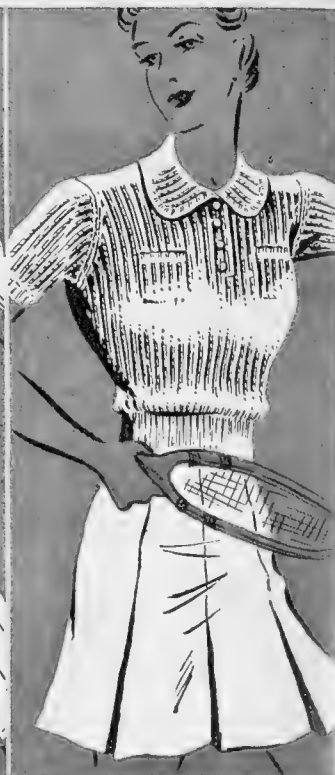
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3 sizes.
In many lovely colours.



C38



C39

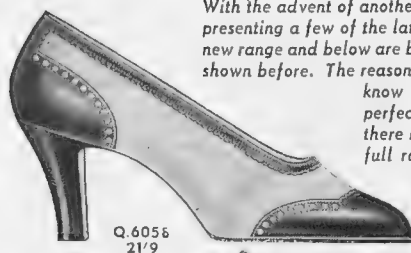


C40

NEW SPORTS CATALOGUE POST FREE: - LILLYWHITES LTD · Piccadilly Circus and

Bective SHOES

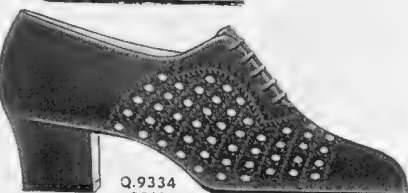
With the advent of another season, Gorrings take pride and pleasure in presenting a few of the latest "Bective" shoes. A new season means a new range and below are but a few of the many styles which we have not shown before. The reason we are so proud of these shoes is because we know from past experience that for good quality, perfect fit and up-to-date styles at economical prices, there is no make more reliable. Come and see the full range for yourself.

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FOR TENNIS



C41

C42

C43

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Change to real silk NOW and know the true joy of exquisite, pure silk foundation underwear next to your skin.

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All sizes. **2½ Gns.**

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ACTION HERE IS THE
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Model 473, as
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Pan:or

Uniform by —



A dainty effect is obtained with this flower design damask Organdie Apron, the bib and skirt are pleated and it is finished with long plain white ties.

Apron 792 . . 2'11½
Cap 506 . . 1'11½
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This smart dress with a semi-fitting waistline, features a detachable collar which allows for a white collar to be worn if preferable. Women's sizes, in a good range of colours.

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Wool Panama . . 23'6
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Low back model 63/6
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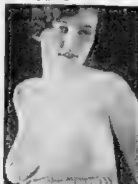
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Quite New!
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Rich Silky Superfine Cotton gay colours. Cute striped design Blue or Green.
3 to 8 years. from 5/-

WOVEN SUITS (below)
New, smart, comfortable. In Lido, Grey and Navy. 3 to 5 years.
First Size 11/6

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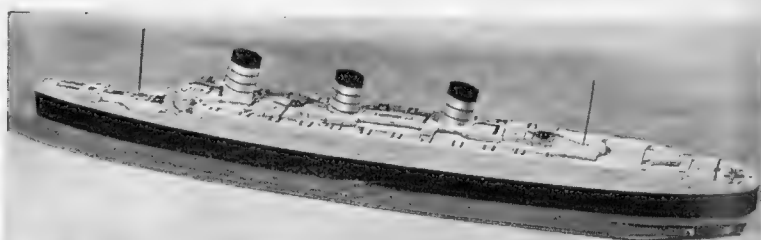
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MODEL IN COLOUR OF

Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News"

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with a lovely leg
She drew on her stocking
and cried "Good egg!"
For workaday weekdays
and smartish Sundays
I've Kayser stockings
plus Kayser
undies!"*

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NOT OCCASIONALLY
... BUT FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Stockings by the name of Kayser Mir-O-Kleer* are misty-looking . . . breath-weight.

From one-thread or two-thread Sansheen Chiffons . . . all the way up to ten-thread Service Weights, there are stockings by Kayser for every kind of occasion, from 10/6 to 4/11 — and there are even Kayser Mir-O-Kleers at 3/11. All are elegantly fashioned and the new Kayser shades are as sophisticated as ever.

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Lace and embroidery does the trimming. Clever tailoring does the snug fit at waist and hip.

The nicest shades and sizes 25", 27", 30" and 33" waist.

Cami-knickers, French Knickers and Tailored Slips - - from 6/11
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NIGHTIES. A very winsome little nightdress in heavy Satin with a deep V neck embellished with fine embroidery and lace. The waist is snugly tied behind with soft satin ribbon. One of dozens of charming nighties by Kayser.

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GIVES PERFECT HEALTH**

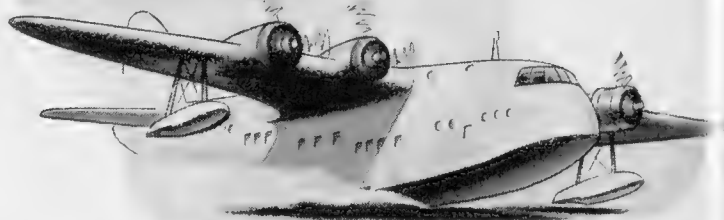
Many women who visit our Salon for the first time never seem to have realised that perfect posture gives perfect health. Every human body is a different shape and the Marian Jacks staff have been trained in the art of individual corsetry and trained to see that you have correct support—the basis of all beauty and comfort in every position. Can we help you?



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Women demand bottles before labels are printed

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT

WHEN Peggy Sage, the famous cosmopolitan manicurist, writes our New York Correspondent, launched her new nail polish foundation, SATINBASE, there was almost a riot in the New York Salon. Women who had seen how smoothly the polish flowed over this transparent foundation demanded the Salon bottles at once, even before labels had been printed! Yes. It is a revolution. Just as marked an event in cosmetic history as the day when a woman first put on powder over a foundation. To-day, a woman would flinch at the idea of make-up applied direct to the face. Tomorrow, she will flinch at the very idea of nail polish applied direct to the nails. For Satinbase, Peggy Sage's new polish foundation, provides a surface onto which polish can flow, and into which polish can get a grip. At the same time Satinbase protects the delicate tissues of the nail and actually enriches them. And, while it is

doing this job of protection, while it is holding your polish in a lasting embrace, it is also preventing the polish from chipping and cracking. It is giving you the long, firm, lustrous and flake-proof nails that you have so long desired.

WHAT SATINBASE IS

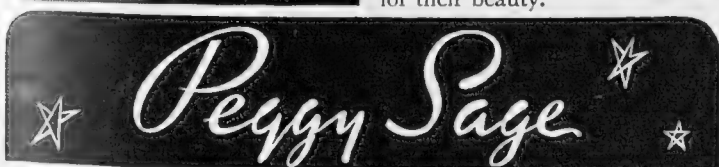
Peggy Sage experimented and tested for months before Satinbase was perfected. It is a colourless, transparent liquid that contains a percentage of wax. You will recognise Satinbase at once at your nearest store or chemist, in its elegant, cone-capped bottle.

HOW TO USE SATINBASE

You simply brush a fine coat of Satinbase onto the nails *before* you apply polish. You will be amazed how easily the polish flows over this creamy, waxen foundation, and what a smooth, 'professional-manicurist' effect you achieve. Many well-known women are finding that an *extra* coat of Satinbase, brushed on *after* polish has been applied, even further prolongs the life of the polish.

HOW TO OBTAIN SATINBASE

Satinbase is now obtainable in England at all high class toilet counters. And with Satinbase, you can buy a supply of those other cone-capped, elegant bottles — Peggy Sage's famous, rich-coloured, long-lasting polishes. And you must see (and try) Peggy Sage's hand-creams and lotions. They have made the hands of a cosmopolitan generation famous for their beauty.



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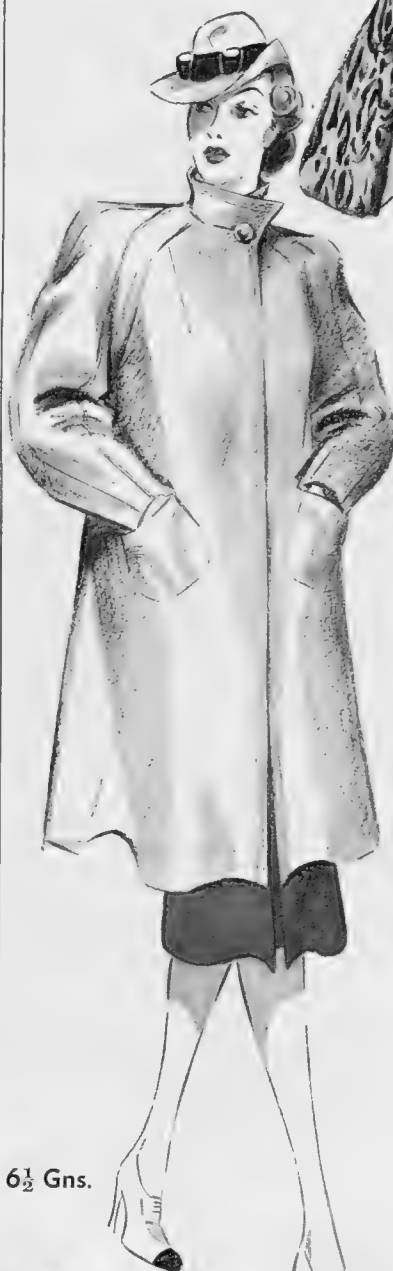
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Coats that 'swagger' into Spring

(Below)

Smart three-quarter length "Rodex" Coat in fine quality Camel Hair and Wool. Lined throughout, perfectly cut with well-built shoulders and raglan sleeve. Finished with neatly stitched collar and patch pockets. In off white, camel, brown and navy. S.W., W., F.W., and O.S.

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6½ Gns.



4 Gns.

(Above)

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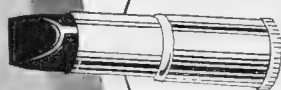
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They're brilliantly matched to the new dress shades — Outdoor Girl's lively, lovely lipsticks. Outdoor Girl Cyclamen, for example, is probably the most successful blend of blue and rose so far created in the 'blue-toned' lipstick range. There's a Cyclamen for day and one for evening — crisp, clear, vivid colours that make lips a-l-i-v-e and life more gay. You see, it's the base of fragrant olive oil that makes lips soft and gleaming, makes them a dewy medium for Outdoor Girl's rich colour — makes colour come a-l-i-v-e on your lips. (Of course, Outdoor Girl Powder, Cream Rouge and Nail gloss are blended to tone with lipstick shades).



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OLIVE OIL LIPSTICK 2/6, 1/-

The Liveliest Lipstick in Town

Pretty?
YES
Charming?
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but there's something that spoils her loveliness!

Why doesn't someone tell her that it's so easy to get rid of Unwanted Hair? BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN Dry-Method disc makes your skin hair-free and smoothly beautiful. Just rotate this dainty little disc over the skin and the embarrassment of unwanted hair vanishes like magic, instantly. It never fails. WONDERSTOEN is sure, harmless and odourless. Lasts months. Doctors have recommended WONDERSTOEN for over 30 years. Use it today and have attractive, hair-free skin.

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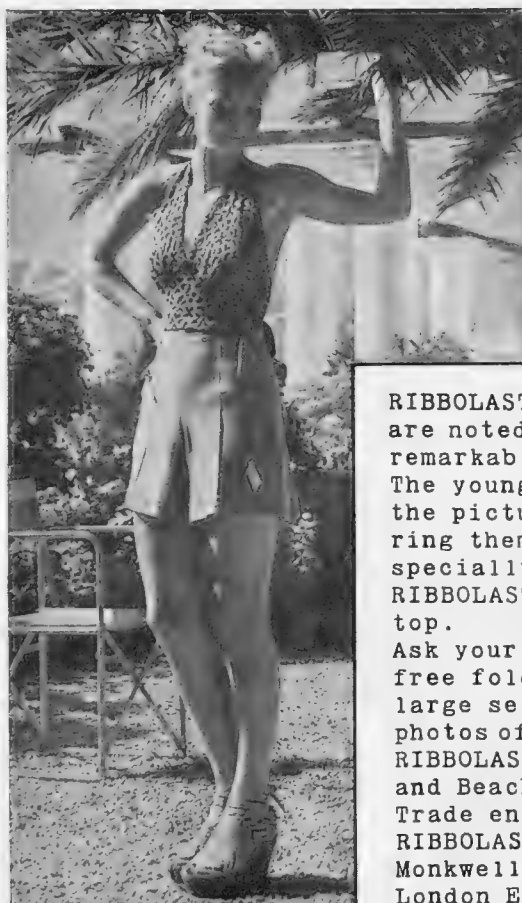
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WONDERSTOEN, Facial
Size (for chin, cheeks, upper lip) 5/6

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LIBERTY'S

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It is not difficult to look smart every day of the week, because the JAEGER GREEN ROOM is ready for you. This coat shows what we mean: tailored in grey flannel, with self-coloured buttons, it has a dress-like quality at once graceful and smart. It's a nine till six coat. It's in the famous JAEGER GREEN ROOM and costs only 4½ gns.

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*'visible
cooking'*



This most luxurious of cookers has an unbreakable, steam-proof, inner glass door which lets you look inside the oven without lowering the temperature or spoiling whatever you're cooking. And more! Both inner and outer doors are operated by foot pedals, so that they can be opened even when your hands are full. The oven can be kept at any temperature by setting the control. In fact it has everything to make cooking easy and failure-proof.



In white and black superfine Enamel with "Tem-Set" Automatic Oven Temperature Control, frameless glass door, foot pedals to both doors, very large oven, separate large grill, boiler. (Patent Numbers 476759, 493796).

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Cashmere Jerseys as illustrated with neat dice at neck, bottle green with yellow dice, and bottle green with scarlet dice. Best quality All Wool. Also in self green. Fitting 3 years, 11'6 Rising 1' per size.

In Ancient dyes (also in self green), fitting 3 years . . . 12'6 Rising 1' per size.

Jerseys and Stockings can be made to match any Tartan in a few days.

Stockings to match, fitting 3 years, 4'6. Rising 6d. per size.

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Leather Sporrans, 4'11, 5'11, 6'11 to 10'6 Chain Straps . . . 1'6 to 2'



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Of course, clothes are not the only lovely things at Finnigans, the House of the Present. We have so much that is beautiful in leather and travel goods, silver, glass, jewellery, etc., that you will be certain to make at least one happy discovery.



by *Coulson*

L'Après-Midi

Delightful models — suitable for so many occasions, always perfectly cut and neatly finished — may be seen at any time in our showrooms.

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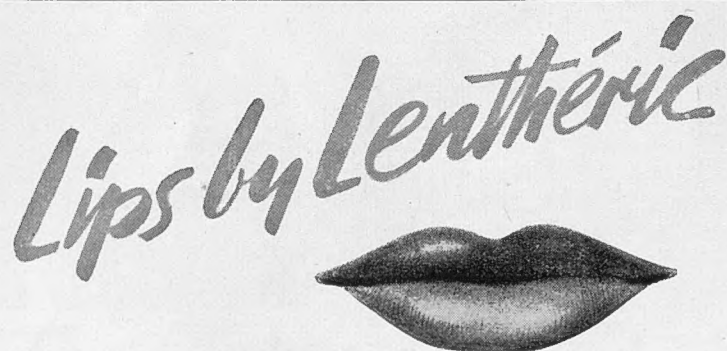
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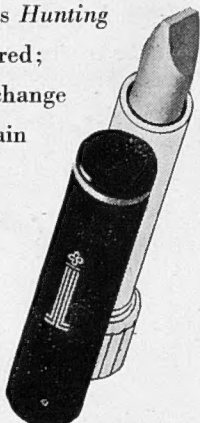
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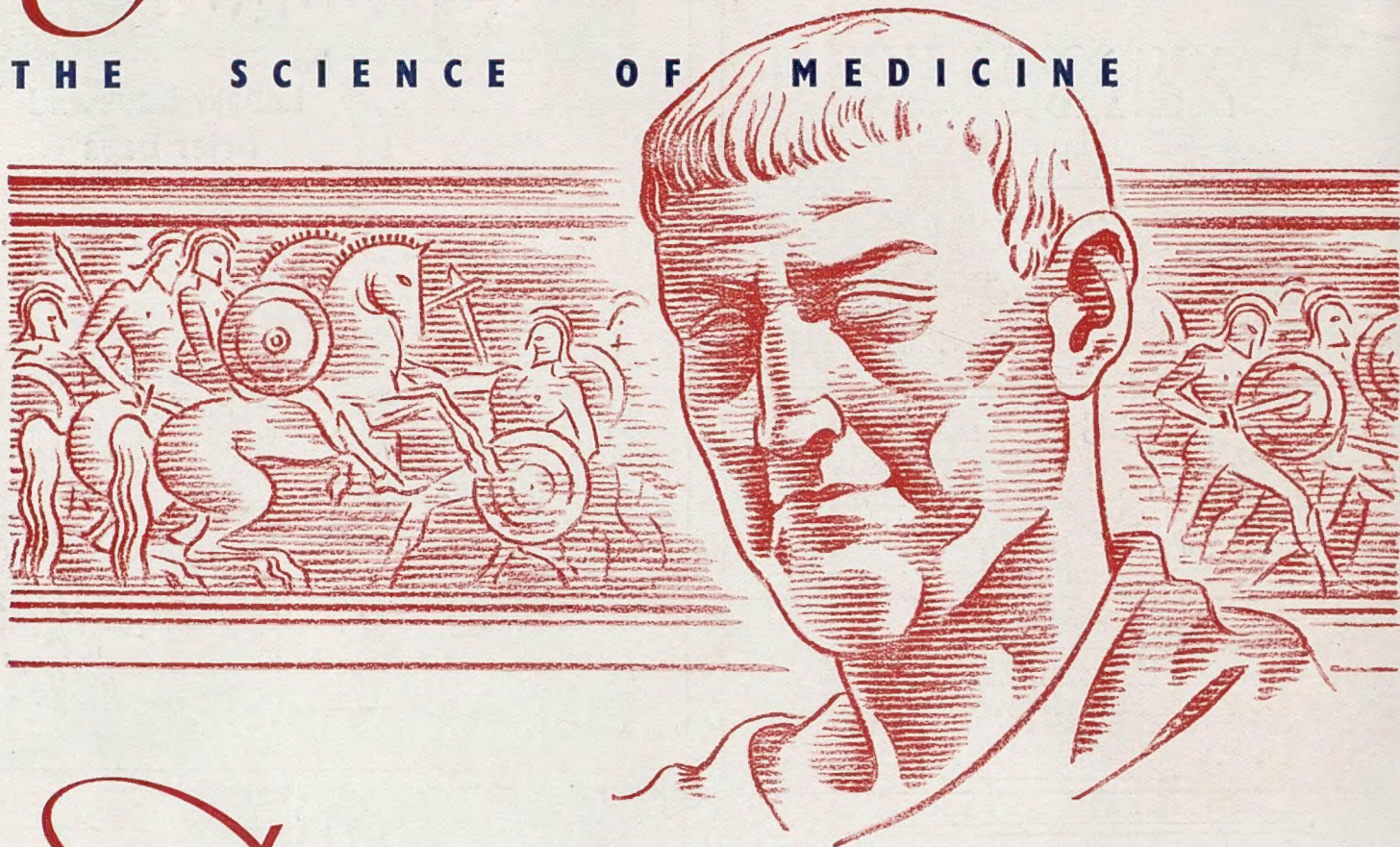
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